

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES





PROLOGUE

Webster says this about the word, resurrection: the act of causing something that has ended or been forgotten or lost to exist again.

American Heritage says: the act of bringing back to practice, notice, use, or vibrancy.

Oxford says: the revitalization or revival of something.

Synonyms would be: rebirth, regeneration, renewal, revival, resurgence.

This is the story of one man and two women who find themselves bound to each other through the resurrection of one of them (almost biblically). Her resurrection is a rebirth, renewal, or resurgence for their own separate lives and issues. A process of discovering things about each other and themselves ensues; a process that will lead them not only into a new future of their own, but a new future together. In the process of discovery and experience, they will realize things about themselves and each other they had never before considered.

The setting for the story is modern day in the Chiricahua National Monument in Cochise County of Arizona, which borders both New Mexico and Mexico. More specifically, a farm/ranch of about 750 acres located inside the Wilderness. The region is remote, day or night. The farm/ranch's existence within the boundary of the Wilderness is a fluke of bureaucratic mismanagement, but critical to the needs of the characters.

CHAPTER ONE

The twilight of early evening found him in one of two spots he would predictably be at this time of day: sitting on the front porch gazing to the east at the mountain across the valley as it slowly turned shades of increasingly dark greys until it finally became a black mass against the star-filled sky; or, sitting on the back porch gazing up the slope of the mountain in back that turned to black much faster, with the stars appearing later. It was a rut ... he knew he was in a rut, but it was his rut, and a rut of his own choosing and creation.

He set the empty beer bottle on the wood floor of the front porch as he gazed into nothingness, gazed into the blackness of what being off the grid looked like. He allowed himself a single bottle of beer or a single glass of bourbon each night. One. When he had first come out here, he had quickly discovered how the temptation to wallow in his thoughts ... then to drink in a state of wallowing ... could completely consume him, every waking, cognitive, self-aware, and productive part of him. He had somehow pulled himself away from that edge, that tempting edge from which he could look into the numbing enshrouding blackness of grief. Somehow, he had walked away from that edge. Somehow, he had regained a small part of the man that he had once been. Just enough, though. Luckily, it didn't take much of a man ... he didn't have much left to invest. But, he had to, he needed to ... it was, after all, the reason he was here. He chuckled out loud and to himself at the recollection. Yes, the reason. There always has to be a reason ... he wasn't here to waste away or to thrive. Neither. He was here to exist ... in peace or some part of it ... and, most of all, in solitude. He didn't see that there was anything others could give him, despite the numerous attempts that others had offered. And, he certainly didn't have anything to give to others. So, he was better off here ...

One of the three dogs was curled up beside him. He inherited them from the previous owner. There were other animals, of course, but the dogs were the closest things to companionship that he allowed himself. But, he didn't even have names for them. They were essentially wild dogs who had a fondness of the place and him. He put water and food out for them in the barn. They had an easy alliance. Much like his life at the moment, easy, free of cumbersome expectations and demands. Sort of live and let live. The way he was living, it was a perfect relationship. The dogs came and went; sometimes they were all out doing whatever they did; sometimes one or all of them were around him. They were good around the other animals, even the chickens. He took care of their basics and they didn't demand too much attention. Perfect.

'Here' was off the grid of the civilized, Western world. At least, he was as far off the grid as he could manage. What brings someone to the point where the world holds no interest and concern, any longer? What brings someone who was once vital, dominant, and strong to such a condition that he is nearly crawling into a grave of his own creation? What brought Jake Collins to this point was the loss of the someone, the one person, as far as he believed, the only person he could care so much about.

At 38 years old, 6'2" tall and 220 pounds of mostly solid build, he was still the man that his friends and work associates puzzled over; how such a successful businessman could have the body of a professional football tight end. When he went into business, he just didn't lose the body he had developed in sports and conflict.

In high school, growing up in East Dallas, he played football with a passion, but not a tight end. He was a bruising defensive end. But, rather than pursue college opportunities that certainly were available to him with football, he enlisted. Where he grew up, there was more than enough patriotism and macho energy in his area to satisfy maybe the entire Dallas-Fort Worth Metroplex.

All of that energy stuffed into those maturing bodies and minds. Not to mention that they all felt invincible, a rare and intoxicating drug.

He was in the Army for 6 years; 3 of them served in tours of both Iraq and Afghanistan. He survived, but he quickly discovered that invincibility was a myth of the young at home; there was no place for ego thinking like that on the battlefields. He saw too many men just like him fall, either in death or serious injury. So, when the Special Forces branches came recruiting him, he quickly and without guilt, declined. He loved his country, that wasn't the problem. But, he had seen, experienced, the failed attempts of our military in the role of global police. He wanted out, he wanted to experience more of the life our country had to offer.

He used the GI Bill, went to college and graduated with his MBA from the University of Texas. He was recruited, took a job with a good marketing firm in Dallas, and succeeded. He met the love of his life, Katie, who was working at a firm at a neighboring office building. And, they got married. He ascended to become a Marketing Account Executive in the firm and Katie was doing well in her own career. They were each successful and they committed to each other and themselves that they would follow a mutual dream. They saved their money, not only living on one salary, but living easily within that one salary. Their home was modest and in a modest development. Their spending was modest and controlled. They enjoyed themselves, but their goal was the goal. Someday, they would quit and leave to start their own small business in a quiet, but interesting, little town somewhere. They envisioned a small college town with opportunities and oozing with the life of young people.

Another harsh and severe lesson of invincibility came to roost on top of their lives. Katie developed an unusual form of cancer. Hope is eternal, though. Maybe with treatment ... doctors do wonders these days ... They travelled to doctors and specialist. Katie was tested, prodded, poked, and blood work performed and performed. In 6 months, before the doctors had agreed on a treatment protocol that might work ... in 6 months after the diagnosis, Katie died. Some people made the mistakes of saying it was for the better, she was in a better place, at least she wasn't suffering. He grew angrier and more resentful with each comment and expression. He grew to resent shallow comments meant to console; he grew to hate the religious comments of blessing and peace.

Within another 6 months, he has lost all focus on his once thriving life. The very idea of continuing the good fight became abhorrent to him. He recognized in himself thoughts of giving up, maybe even fleeting moments of considering suicide. He knew that giving up, much less ending his life, were not within the man he truly was. But, his focus and drive was gone. What he needed was time ... time to heal and find his passion for life, for belonging, for caring, and for working toward something. He needed to find the passion that had directed his life; to find that thing that would put fire in his soul, again. He gave himself a goal to work with. He was going to dedicate 3 years for introspection and self-rediscovery, terms he spent a lot of money in therapy to become familiar with. He had always prided himself in his coping abilities and his straightforward analysis followed by decisive action. None of that was working.

After a lot of research and searching, he found what he thought was the ideal spot. Perhaps a little extreme in satisfying his needs for quiet and isolation in order to focus on introspection, but extreme might just be what he needed. An old but well maintained farm/ranch that was located inside the Chiricahua National Monument in Cochise County of Arizona, which borders both New Mexico and Mexico. The property is 750 acres up a narrow dirt tract that winds into a valley between two mountains inside the wilderness. The owners were about a million years old (make that somewhere in the low 90's, but even they weren't real sure) and could not function on the land anymore. It wasn't just isolated in a land area with no other neighbors, it had no services of any kind. No water, electricity, or phone.

It seemed odd even to Jake that this property was available for purchase given that it was completely inside a National Monument area. It wasn't until the final paperwork was being completed that the government finally stepped in and to stop the transaction. The land broker Jake used for the purchase had been in the area for longer than anyone else could remember and was crotchety enough to stand up to the government agency. Of course, the government, when it established the wilderness area, put stipulations on the property that it could be inherited within a family but could not be sold. The government would give a 'fair market value' for the land. That was standard language in situations like this, established and documented years ago when the wilderness area was established. But, someone messed up. A bureaucratic mix-up at some point did not include the proper language in the documents registered for that parcel of land.

That was how Jake found himself the owner of 750 acres in a wilderness area with no services to the homestead. The old folks had made improvements over the years, but the place had been in their family since the early 1900's, back when 'services' were what you had when you worked hard enough to provide them yourself. There was a good well that provided a surprisingly abundant source of water. It turned out there was a good aquifer under the valley. The hand pumps were changed out for generators and mechanical pumps. Generators would also provide electricity for some modern comforts in the house like a good refrigerator and lights, though Jake had decided that lights were not going to be something he would use often. He was hoping to be a daylight to sunset guy, much like the previous owners had been. If they could do it, he thought he certainly could.

The barn was rebuilt in the '80s. The house had been remodeled more recently and was still in reasonable shape. The style was old, but the structural elements were sound. The stove would be gas and have to be hauled in. It was going to be a chore, but he could do it. It would definitely keep him busy.

Along with the acreage, came the animals: 3 horses (male and 2 mares); 6 hogs (boar, 3 sows, 2 young); 30 cattle (2 bulls); various chicken; 3 dogs (all males). Some hogs and cattle are occasionally culled out for slaughter.

That was 2.5 years ago. It had kept him busy, almost frantically so sometimes, during the days. He seldom stopped until nightfall. Then, everything shifted direction and one of the porches took his time until he made some dinner, read under an old kerosene lamp and early to bed for the exact same thing to happen the next day. Of course, it was never the exact same thing and each day was dictated by something unplanned. As he lay in the dark on his bed, listening to the sounds in the darkness, he was sure tomorrow, like always, would bring something interesting for him. He smiled to himself. He couldn't ever remember working so hard, being so tired, but feeling so at peace. This was the prescription he needed and it could become much longer than the 3 years he had set out for himself. As was now normal, sleep came easy and soundly.

To the northwest from Jake's home, in a completely opposite environment, Annie Tolley was settling in for an early evening with her husband in their little home in some community just north of Phoenix. Their life had become so strange and confusing, that this seemingly quiet night with her husband was like a gift.

At 23 years old, she had essentially run off with Tommy and gotten married about 3 years ago. She had always been an attractive girl and woman, but insecure and uncomfortable with her own ability to direct her life. She was 5' 7", athletically trim, but also having womanly curves. Brown hair; naturally wavy; past shoulder length. She had excelled in volleyball and soccer in high school, seeming to function well in structured group settings like sports, but awkward when left to her own

devices. She met Tommy Tolley in high school. Tommy was an enigma to her. He was wimpy in appearance, skinny and not at all athletic. While she was attractive, good looking, and athletic, she had difficulties when it came to being with boys. Tommy was the opposite of her in almost all those aspects. He wasn't particularly attractive or athletic, but seemed to have girls around him. She would find that girls aren't the only ones who can be sluts. Tommy, as it turned out, was well endowed and he had no problem using that gift to getting the girls he could. It was rumored that there were also some mothers who tapped into Tommy's availability. As far as she knew, though, those were still just rumors.

She had been friendly to Tommy, but was NOT one his girls. They were just friends, and she felt she might have been the only friend he had that didn't want something from him. So, a couple years after high school, half way through her course work at the local community college, she was shocked but intrigued when he suggested that she go with him to Phoenix where he thought he could get the job he wanted. They left their small town in New Mexico and moved into an apartment, both getting jobs and sharing expenses. A couple years later, they got married and moved into a small house.

The sudden change in Tommy, asking her to be with him was something she was reluctant to look at too hard. Some part of her considered that he may have gotten a mother pregnant. Another part of her considered that one of her classmates had gotten pregnant. She wanted to think that Tommy had just come to the decision that he wanted to be with someone who liked him for him. Those first years were nice. The sex was wonderful and she thought about the comments people used, 'hung like a horse'. He was big and it felt really, really good.

Slowly, it all changed. Tommy changed. She thought he was showing signs of the person he had been before, using to get into the right crowd. Only this time, it seemed that it wasn't his body he was willing to use with others, but hers. She hardly paid much attention at first. He had some new friends and his new friends were very touchy. They went to bars and dancing and it seemed that she was dancing with everyone but her husband. She challenged him on it, but he blew it off, saying that everyone is just having fun - relax, enjoy.

She did what she was told. She relaxed. She tried to enjoy, but she found that it was hard to enjoy. It was obvious to her that they were using Tommy to get to her. Why couldn't he see that. Then a terrible thought came to her ... maybe he does see that, maybe he knows that, but he wants to be a part of this group badly enough to give her to them.

She did what she was told and soon she found herself having sex with a room full of men. Usually it was the same ones, Tommy's 'friends'. But, sometimes it became a room with men she hadn't seen before. It was never a full on gangbang with a dozen guys. It was usually 2 or 3 besides Tommy. And, it was getting worse. She had never been excited by this, this sharing of her with the others. She was always dry, she never became excited and that seemed to become an increasing point of irritation among the men. It seemed to her that their egos were hurt. These studs couldn't get her to 'juice up'. They had to use lubricants initially until someone came inside her. It didn't make a difference if it was vaginal or anal, she was just as dry.

Tommy became increasingly angry. It had never been like this when it was just the two of them and 'she was making him look bad to his friends'. Only days before, one of the guys had brought a dog and tried mating her with it. She had become so upset that it took someone to hold her down while the others fucked her, even if the dog never did.

This night, though, was a reversal of all that. She was with Tommy and he was very attentive to her. She even stopped him so she could go to the bedroom and change into his favorite negligee. They sat on the couch in their small house, but it felt like a wondrous place to her, again. He broke from their

necking, he again touching her intimately, but tenderly. He went to refresh their drinks, tequila. When he returned, she kissed him, then took a sip. It tasted different somehow, but he was touching her again, his hands on her breast in the gaping folds of her negligee. He pinched her nipple just like he used to and she closed her eyes, taking in the feeling and remembering all the good times the way they had been. He brought her glass to her lips, again. It still had that different taste, but she put it away. Tommy was paying loving attention to her, again. But, she was feeling different ... strange ... like she might be losing herself ... A strange feeling was her last conscious awareness.

Jake's alarm clock was the first indication of light. It was a mystery to him. It took a while for it to happen, but it was real. It wasn't sun light hitting him through the window. The mountain on the east side of the valley kept direct sunlight off the house well past sunrise. Maybe it was birds, or ... he didn't know. But, he woke every morning with the sun rising somewhere on the other side of that mountain. This day was no different ... at least in the beginning.

He had planned on a ride to the western edge of his property to inspect the fencing. It might be in his mind, but some cattle seemed to be missing. He found a couple sections of the barbed wire down. Many of the posts were decades old and needed replacement, it was just not the top priority ... until now.

He returned to the house and stocked up on water for himself and the dogs, who never wanted to be left behind, and he rode through the hole in the fence and over the shoulder of the mountain. He spotted the half dozen cattle down the slope and made his way down toward them. Along the way, his focus was on the animals, but the dogs stopped. As he passed, he noticed wheel tracks in the dirt. He puzzled over that, knowing that ATV's weren't allowed in this section of the preserve and lost track of the dogs until they barked insistently. He half stood in the stirrups to look behind him in the direction of the barking and was about to yell at them when he saw that they were very intent on something sticking out of the dirt. He turned and returned the 20 feet to where the dogs were. One had begun pawing at a mound of dirt while another was nipping at something. He called the dog who looked up at him. With the dogs moved, he saw what it was ... a foot.

When the dog nipped at it, again, it jerked ...

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## CHAPTER TWO

When the dog nipped at it, again, it jerked ...

After a couple years of riding, he had become reasonably comfortable in the saddle. When he saw the foot, it was enough to make him unsteady, but when it jerked, he nearly fell off the horse. As it was, he slid off quickly to investigate for himself. A part of him still wasn't believing the human foot, much less that it belonged to a live person. But, if it was ... how could it be if it was buried?

He pushed the pawing dog aside and took its place, pulling dirt off the mound. Even as he pulled dirt into the space between his knees, he couldn't keep from looking to his left at the foot and the now exposed shin. The body wasn't deeply buried and his heart sunk further when he exposed a breast. A woman ... how ... why ... He moved further up to find the head, pulling and pushing dirt. He found an ear and realized that she was in the depression with one shoulder higher than the other, which apparently resulted in her face being turned to the side. He uncovered her face, then pulled on her shoulders, pulling her out of the shallow trench and out from under the dirt. He knelt down next to her chest, one hand feeling at her neck. It took some moments for him to find a faint pulse, but her

breathing didn't seem noticeable. He could see no rising and falling of her chest, despite the feeling of a slight pulse. Was he imagining the pulse? Was the foot jerk just a release of a muscle reflex?

No, the pulse seemed real enough to him, if very faint. He moved her a couple feet to flat ground, then straddled her prone body, pressing into her sternum. His CPR training from the Army kicked in and he applied mouth-to-mouth, alternating between pressing on her sternum and breathing into her. It took several cycles of this, and when she gasped on her own, a small cloud of dust came from her mouth into his. He coughed with her as she gasped a breath. Her sternum and chest rose strongly underneath him as she took in, and exhaled, gasping volumes of air. Then her eyes flew open and a chilling, terrifying scream came from her as she clawed at him, digging into his T-shirt. One moment she was screaming and fighting, the next she was unconscious, again. But, she was breathing.

He sat back onto his heels, still straddling her. He needed to get her to a doctor or hospital. He looked at his horse, his only means of travel back up the mountain and down the other side to his place. His riding competency came back into question in his mind, but there was little real option. It was too far to attempt carrying her up and over. The other direction was far too long before he might expect to intercept any vehicles, much less a park employee.

He looked at the horse and then at his surroundings. In the saddle by himself, he had become fairly comfortable, but the idea of supporting an unconscious person on the horse at the same time was intimidating. She was still alive; it would be a shame for her to die because he dropped her off the horse. Ironically, that thought felt good. A little humor was something he was known for in even the stickiest of situations.

Again, he surveyed his surrounds, but this time it was more intentional to find a solution. There was always a solution if you looked hard enough. He spotted a natural outcropping of rocks nearby and had his answer. He picked the woman up and slung her over his shoulder, something they were trained to do in the military ... don't leave a brother behind ... and she was far lighter than a fellow combatant. He grabbed the reins of the horse with the opposite hand and led the horse to the rocks where he climbed to the proper height and extended a leg over the saddle. Putting his feet into the stirrups and balancing himself, he manhandled the woman from his shoulder so she was astride the saddle in front of him. With one arm clamped tightly around her, he rode as fast as he dared to the house.

He had never had anyone ride behind so he couldn't help but be a little impressed with his control of the horse and his stability in the saddle. The woman was still unconscious and dead weight in his arms, providing no assistance at all in holding herself in place. As the ride continued, he also couldn't help but wonder where she came from and how she got into this situation. Her hair blew and bounced around him, her head lolling one way and then the other. He lengthened his hold of the reins and realized that he could not only have enough lead to hold her head with that hand, but that the horse was on a route for the barn on his own. The rest of the ride was more comforting to him that he was able to hold her steadier and reduce the impact from the horse movements.

At the barn and corral, he used his foot to raise the latch to the gate, then backed the horse up for it to swing out. Inside the corral, he maneuvered the horse to the feed bin, stepped off the horse while supporting the woman and eased her off the horse and into his arms. He moved her directly to his old pickup truck and lay her across the bench seat. He had the choice of his old truck with the bench seat or the newer truck with the divided seats and crew cab. The bench seat, old truck seemed the easier choice to hold her steady. He stripped the saddle and bit off the horse, closed the gate to the corral, ran into the house for the keys, and returned to the truck.



Back at the truck, he folded her legs into the truck and in the process pushed her onto her side. For the first time he saw her back. He leaned in further and gently turned her more to her front. Her back, butt, and the back of her thighs were crisscrossed with ugly red bruise lines. Even more reason to get moving. He climbed behind the wheel, picking her head up and placing it onto his lap. As he raced down the tract that is his drive out to the dirt road of the wilderness, he looked down at the face on his thigh, "What happened to you?"

He raced out of the mountains on the dirt roads, blowing plumes of dust in his wake until he reaches the narrow black top road, skidding sideways as he held onto the wheel while making the left turn west for the nearest town, Sunizona, with 281 people that was 10 miles away. It was the closest patch of civilization and he heard of a doctor being there, but didn't know if there were regular hours or the doctor only came in when an appointment was made. How would he know? He didn't even have a cell phone. Who would he call, anyway?

As he approached the town, he made his decision. His mind was working like it used to: assemble as much information as was available, consider the options, make a decision, and commit to that decision. Don't waste time; don't over analyze. He blew straight through the town, running a stop sign in the process, his speed topping 80 mph at that point. He wouldn't have bet his old pickup could hold that speed, but it held the road fine with no shimmies, bounces, or shudders. Willcox, 33 miles beyond that, was larger with 3757 people, but more importantly he knew it had a small, single story hospital on the west side of town, just before hitting Interstate I-10. Northern Cochise Community Hospital was small but was his best bet for full service and close proximity.

He turned off the highway into the parking lot, scanning the available signs for an emergency entrance. The emergency entrance appeared to be the main entrance under a canopy covered walkway. He skidded into a handicap space at the front of the building. As he ran around the front of the truck, he yelled at someone exiting the building to call inside for an emergency. He scooped up the woman from the front seat, recognizing that she was naked and covered with dirt. They could deal with that inside. He banged his way through the double doors just as a nurse was coming out, nearly bowling her over in the process. She looked into the eyes of the woman in his arms as a gurney was brought to them. Finally, the woman was covered, if only by a loose sheet and the nurse and associate hustled the woman through some doors and down a hall. At the same moment, the loud speaker above called for the doctor.

Jake tried to follow the gurney through the doors but was intercepted by a woman very intent on having his attention. She led him back to the admissions desk and took her place behind the computer monitor, pointing him to the chair in front of her. He tried to argue with her, but she assured him it will only take a moment and that nobody was admitted to the hospital without being properly put into the system and that included insurance. That moved the process from 'only take a moment' to much more complicated. The hospital administrator was called when Jake informed the woman that he didn't know the woman he just brought in. Jake, then saw the administrator calling someone and rightly assumed that it was the Sheriff. The woman was admitted as 'Jane Doe', but the insurance question was causing a problem. He took out his personal Visa card and gave it to the administrator. Given the way he was dressed in dirty jeans, well-used cowboy boots, and a Springsteen T-shirt, and the way he looked with longish hair and unshaven, they were skeptical even with that. His credit card checked out, of course, and he was moving away from the desk.

He slipped through the double doors, wandering down the corridor in search for the room they took the woman into, only to bump, literally, into the doctor coming out ... to look for him. The doctor filled him in on the woman's condition, but was at the same time guiding him down the hallway. It was a gentle effort, but very deliberate, an easy action undoubtedly the result of years of dealing with anxious and emotional relatives and concerned friends. He assured Jake that she was stable

now. She still hadn't come to, but she was on IV's for fluids and pain. The nurses would be giving her a sponge bath that was necessary for her condition but also to fully assess her injuries and run some tests.

His phone rang and there was a short conversation. He got up but asked Jake to please remain in the office for a moment. He was back in just minutes; coming in behind him were two police officers. The lead man introduced himself as Frank Orland, the Cochise County Sheriff. The county seat is in Bisbee, which was almost in Mexico and over 70 miles from Willcox. With him was Bobbi Mendoza, one of his deputies, and a woman. Both are in uniform. The Sheriff is overweight, balding, with grey coming into his hair. He is about 50 years old. His deputy is quite a bit different. Even under the circumstances, it is easy for Jake to see that the woman deputy has a nice figure. Her uniform is tailored and fits her hips, waist, and breast nicely. He estimated Bobbi Mendoza to be 29 or 30 years old. She had dark brown hair, which was in a ponytail but would be past her shoulder blades if hanging free. She was about 5' 8" and a fuller figure, but strong and muscled. She had browner skin that looked more natural as opposed to tan. He guessed that there might be Native American and/or Hispanic blood in her family somewhere.

The sheriff explained that she was here for the woman Jake brought in. Maybe a female officer would be easier for her to talk to. Jake suspected the Sheriff was just as glad to have a woman direct the necessary questions surrounding how she ended up buried in the Wilderness Preserve naked. The female deputy and doctor disappear, leaving Jake with the Sheriff who took the chair behind the desk. Jake knew his interrogation was about to begin. Despite the fact that it was he who brought the victim in, he would need to explain how it was he found her, what condition she was in, where he found her, and where he had been in the hours before. Of course, the last part was easy ... he was alone on his ranch except for the animals ... not another soul for miles ... many miles. If an alibi was going to be needed, he wouldn't have a reasonable one.

Jake went through the entire timeline, showed him on a Preserve map the general area of the shallow grave, and indicated the tire tracks he saw and the general direction they seemed to point to. Jake found it interesting in using the map that a nearly straight line that he indicated for the tire tracks pointed to a parking area used as a starting point for hikers. The Sheriff stated the obvious, that vehicles and ATV's went supposed to be off the roads. Jake could only nod.

The Sheriff leaned back in the chair, his hands interlaced behind his head. Jake couldn't help but wonder who had sewn those buttons on the shirt; they were doing extra duty in keeping the shirt together. But, after some reflection, the Sheriff dropped his eyes back to Jake. "I got some reports of some idiot blasting through that little town, running the stop sign, and going about a 100 miles an hour."

Jake was staying calm, purposely calm to avoid trouble. He wasn't known around the county, going into a town only for the supplies he needed. "It was only 80, Sheriff. I thought that under the circumstances, it was warranted."

He nodded and agreed. He leaned forward, his forearms on the desk, and asked why he got involved. He could have just notified someone.

"Her foot moved when the dog licked and nipped at the toe. It nearly scared the shit out of me, when it jerked. When I knew she was somewhat alive, I gave her CPR to get her pulse stronger and her lungs sucking better air. I had to take her. Either way, I had to ride the horse over the mountain shoulder, transfer to my truck and drive a long way. I don't have phone service at the house."

He sat up straighter, "You the guy living in the old Olsen place?" Jake nodded. "Huh ... you don't

look like an old hermit. Sorry, there's a lot of speculation about you. Why someone would choose to live so primitive." He stood and extended his hand and smiled, "I have to say, there are times I would be tempted."

Jake explained that he needed to get back. He still had those cattle to roundup and fix the fence. The Sheriff wondered out loud how he could get in touch with him.

"I'm losing sunlight now, but I'll be back here in the morning." He looked out the door at the hallway, not really seeing the room, but in the direction. "I'm a little invested in her. I'd like to know she is okay."

The Sheriff put a hand on Jake's shoulder as they moved to the door. "You're a good guy. Mendoza will be here most of the time. Somebody buried her in the wilderness. They must have thought they had a dead woman. Her being naked, those marks on her back, something bad happened. We'll give her a little protection, at least until we know more."

He peeked into the room. The woman was sleeping peacefully. The Deputy stood up and confronted him, the nurses turned his way. The Sheriff called over Jake's shoulder that it was okay and Mendoza relaxed. It was only then that Jake noticed that she had her hand on the butt of her automatic pistol. The head nurse gave him a short report but there wasn't much there besides that she was resting.

All night, Jake wondered about the woman, who she was, if she was really alright, what had happened to her, why had it happened ... It was a long night for him.

He had managed to install the top wire before dark and finished the job first thing in the morning. This time, he showered and shaved before heading back to the hospital. He mused about that on the way back, that he must be invested in the woman, but he knew nothing about her.

He got a smile from the woman at the reception desk and she pointed down the hall. He knocked on the door. It was opened by Mendoza who wasn't reaching for her gun this time. She hooked her arm around his in a surprisingly friendly action and led him to the side of the bed. The woman was awake and looking very much alive. She held her arms out, even with the IV tubes stuck in her. He self-consciously bent over to accept the hug and received a kiss on his cheek. He stood up, Mendoza standing at his side.

"Annie, this is Jake Collins, your shining knight."

He chuckled, "Well, you wouldn't have thought so if you saw me yesterday."

"Jake, meet Annie Tolley."

Annie looked at him long and hard. "Bobbi gave me a summary of what happened, but I would appreciate hearing it from you, if you don't mind."

"What do you remember?"

"Nothing."

Bobbi inserted, "We've had quite a discussion overnight and this morning. She remembers everything right up to the night before, then everything is lost until she came to last night. She remembers drinking something her husband gave her and it tasted funny, unusual. Much after that is lost."

Jake recounted his morning the day before, how he rode past her but the dogs spotted her ... her foot really. He recounted the ride back to the house and the race to the hospital and his questioning by the Sheriff.

Mendoza, "I'm impressed, Jake. That pretty good riding. I have been around horses all my life so I should know. So, tell me again, how were you holding her on the horse? She was naked, right? And, call me Bobbi."

Jake was blushing and Annie was watching him with the same playfulness that Bobbi was. He provided the details, playing along with the teasing. But, his blush continued to bloom, even if he knew they were teasing him.

He was surprised when Annie responded, "Makes me wish I had been awake." And, she didn't blush.

Bobbi added as an aside to her, as if Jake wasn't there, "I think we should both experience it sometime." They laughed, but their looks at him made him aware that they were not making fun of him. There was something about these two women and their quick, comfortable, and easy response to him that made him feel comfortable and appreciated. It was odd to him how the feeling in the room with the three of them developed. He was reminded of the old sayings about feelings under intense situations, but at the moment he only resolved to consider nothing beyond seeing to the safety of Annie. The feeling of investment in his mind was platonic, even if the feeling he was picking up from her might not be so limited. Intense situations ... but still ... there was something intriguing in the room and it was the three of them. Annie and Bobbi had seemed to quickly connected somehow and they were both reacting to him, very similarly and not competitively. And, he found himself responding, which was a good sign of his emotional state. Perhaps this time of isolation had worked its healing magic on him, after all.

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CHAPTER THREE

There had been little progress in understanding what had happened to Annie, but now armed with her name, the Sheriff was hopeful of making some progress. When Jake returned to the hospital late in the afternoon of the second day, he was armed with a bunch of wild flowers he had found on the property. They had probably always been there, but now he was seeing new things around him. That wasn't lost on him. There had been moments of guilty pangs as he realized he was connected with someone besides the memory of Katie, even if it was platonic. But, he also knew in his heart that Katie had been too full of life to want him to lose his will to new life. That had been the reason for his retreat; he needed to come to that realization, again. But, he committed to himself not to expect anything ... intense situations ...

As he walked into the lobby of the little hospital, he was holding the flowers in one hand as he gave a wave of recognition to the woman behind the desk. She smiled at him. The flowers weren't arranged in any kind of way, just jumbled together as he had cut them. It wasn't the arrangement or the types of flowers that brought the smile to her face, it was his attention and consideration. Jake Collins had been a big mystery in the county. What kind of man buys a ranch in the wilderness with absolutely no modern services? He was turning out to be a complete surprise to everyone he now encountered as he made his regular twice a day visits to the hospital. And, the word was spreading quickly out from the hospital. It seemed that wherever he went now, he was being greeted with a nod, wave, or 'hello'. People he had never met or encountered were now aware of him. He had come to this remote county of Arizona to be away from others and all that was quickly changing because of his encounter and response to the discovery of Annie. For better or for worse.

Jake softly knocked on Annie's room door and peeked inside. She was asleep. She was still doing a lot of that. The doctor and nurses assured him that it was natural and expected. Her body and mind had suffered significant trauma and that was all part of the recovery process. It had been confirmed through toxicology tests that she had in fact been drugged. The wounds on the back of body had been from repeated strikes of from some form of cane. They had considered some form of whip, but finally decided on a thin cane of some kind. The marks left on her indicated that she had been struck over two dozen times, just counting the number of red marks on her back, buttocks, and thighs. They had also confirmed that she had been sexually abused vaginally and anally. They had been able to extract indication of multiple separate DNA types indicating that up to five men had left semen in one or both of her orifices. And, she still had no memory of it. The doctor believe it was only temporary, a combination of the drug, the abuse, the injury to her head, and, perhaps, a defensive mechanism of her mind.

Annie's physical recovery, though, was proceeding well and there was talk that she could physically be ready to be discharged in the next day or so. The doctor felt that getting back to some activity out of the hospital might even stimulate her mental recovery, as well. All of this flashed through his mind, as he stood at the door watching her sleep.

He almost jumped when a hand took his elbow and pulled him into the hall. It was Deputy Mendoza. Bobbi, as she continued to insist. And, he was giving in. The way she touched his elbow and led him from the door was nothing like a Sheriff's Deputy; it was fully feminine, respectful, and concerned. The duty nurse was standing alongside Bobbi holding a vase with water. Apparently, the receptionist had alerted her about the flowers. A small hospital in a small town, nothing goes unnoticed.

Bobbi led him to the Doctor's office where the Sheriff was waiting with the doctor and another woman dressed in uniform. She was about 55 years old with greying hair worn pinned up off her shoulders. She was the county crime scene specialist. As expected, all they found at the sight was tire tread markings, which might be of significance if they found a vehicle to match them to. There was no other forensic information to be found at the sight. It seemed that in his rush to attend to Annie, Jake had effectively destroyed any other possible markings like shoe or boot prints. There was no fault or criticism attached to the comment, it was merely presented as fact.

Without Annie's memory, all they had was the information leading up to the critical events without any way of defining those critical events. They were now 99% sure that the husband had drugged her. After that was mere educated speculation: given the activities of the husband sharing Annie and his attempts to use her to gain acceptance with a group of men, she was undoubtedly taken somewhere to be more aggressively used in a way she would otherwise have resisted based on past events; those activities based on the evidence of her body included forms of BDSM including the caning, involuntary sexual abuse, and restraint; Jake hadn't noticed before the significance of the injuries on her wrists and ankles, indicating her struggle against restraints, tearing the skin in those locations; something happened during the course of the subsequent activity that led to the injury to her head that led to the belief that she had died; and, their panic decision to hide the body.

Jake thought about all that, staring at the closed door, thinking about Annie in the room down the hall. When he turned back to the others, they were all watching him.

He calmly asked, "Why do you think it was a panic reaction to bury her?"

They all stared at him, but it was the CSI woman who answered, "It's a natural reaction. An unexpected death that would be difficult to explain so you have to get rid of the body."

Jake shook his head, disagreeing. The Sheriff asked why. "What about the husband? It's been what

... two days ... has he reported her missing? Anything?"

Frank, the Sheriff, studied Jake, then looked at Bobbi who nodded. "Yes, he has. This morning he notified Phoenix PD that she was missing with her car since that night." Jake continued to watch him, daring him to leave it at that. "Yes, he waited a day and a half before notifying anyone. We've looked everywhere in the county and cannot find her car. It's not down here. She didn't drive down here, run into someone and get buried. That's what you are getting at, isn't it?"

"Only partially. Something happened up in Phoenix, hours away, and she is buried down here. That isn't panic, that's thoughtful. A reasonable person familiar with that location could easily assume it could be months before even a shallow grave was discovered. Also, a shallow grave would provide only cover from casual observance, but not protection from predators who might just as easily strip the bones clean quickly." He had their attention now and it was Bobbi who was encouraging him to continue. "Somebody in that group had to be familiar with the location, probably through some off-road 4-wheeling, despite it being against the law. We all know it happens because it is virtually impossible to effectively prevent it; if they don't intend to follow the rules of the preserve, they just do it and suffer the consequences if by chance they are caught. So, as I see it, someone knew just where to get rid of the body and was willing to invest several hours of driving with a body to accomplish it." Bobbi and the other woman were taking notes of things to follow-up on later. "And, it wasn't the husband. Even Annie says he's a wimp, he wouldn't come up with all that, much less have access to a 4-wheel drive vehicle. And, he waited a day and a half. Why? Because he was scared and didn't know what to do. Someone, probably the same one or ones who devised bringing her here, prodded him for appearances sake."

The doctor had a wry smile on his face. He wasn't a criminologist, but the train of thought made sense. The cops in the room were looking at each other, raising eyebrows or nodding.

Jake looked at the doctor, "You say that Annie could be released soon, possibly tomorrow." He confirmed that with a nod. Jake turned to Orland, "Have you notified the husband, yet?"

"No. That was what we wanted to do when she remembered her name, but ..." he looked to Bobbi, his deputy for support, "... but she didn't want us to."

"She didn't trust him, even at that early stage." They shrugged and nodded. "If her car is missing, we need to find it."

Orland laughed. Not funny, but exasperation. "It's a big state and a lot of nothing. Listen Jake, I appreciate your concern for her, I really do, but finding that car is going to be difficult or impossible. It could be in LA by now."

"No, it's around here. Not here, but in the state. There was late planning involved here. The burial was one thing, but the cover story is different. They, the husband and the others, are setting this up as a run-away. Check places where she could drop the car and meet someone to run-away."

Bobbi was interested in his chain of thought. "A large mall, you mean?"

Jake hesitated, looking out the window at nothing in particular. "No, not a shopping mall. A car dropped in a large parking lot would be obvious at night. Some place where there is a lot of changing of cars, lots of traffic, plenty of coming and going to add to confusion. Something like one of those large refueling/convenience/restaurant centers on a highway or Interstate. Make it look like she met up with someone and could have gone in any direction or distance by now. With no body, who could say otherwise?"

Orland added suddenly, "By the way, the local newspaper guy has been nosing around. He heard about a body being found in the desert ... not a Hispanic. I know, that sounds harsh, but we get those sometimes. They cross the border with a 16 oz. bottle of water and don't make it very far if they aren't fit and healthy. Anyway, sooner or later he is going to figure out that the body is recovering and in this hospital. I put him off, but ... he isn't stupid."

Jake looked at him, "The local paper. You mean the County paper? What kind of guy is he?"

"The Cochise Gazette. He's it. He's the publisher, reporter, editor, advertising, everything. You have to remember, Jake, this whole county only has 127,000 people total."

"He's the biggest threat of getting information out before we're ready, right?" He agreed. "Maybe we can use him to our advantage. Keep this under wraps and have him put out only information we want out."

"How and why would that happen?"

"Give him the exclusive when this is over. At least my part, the find, the race to save a damsel in distress with all the harshness of the desert fight me."

"Oh, boy ... you should be the reporter ... okay, if you can do it. Don't promise anything else, though."

He gave Jake the number and he called on the hospital line. They went through the introductions. Then Jake went for the meat, "Listen, we need you to hold off on writing anything about that situation."

"Why should I?"

"It's sensitive. I'm the guy who found her and brought her in. I'm a good judge of people and I think I can trust you. This case needs to progress a certain, controlled way."

"Case? What case? There was a body, what difference does it make?"

"I want to trust you ... the 'body' survived." Silence on the other end. "You hold off and let the police agencies pursue this the way they need to before the people responsible learn that she didn't die and I will give you the exclusive to the story of finding her, getting her out on horseback, and the race to the hospital. Every other news agency will be quoting you." He agreed. He was anxious to agree.

Orland looked up at Jake, "Good judge of people, huh? He's a reporter, but if it works, we could use the time."

Orland was on the phone to his office Bisbee to spread the theory to Phoenix and the State Patrol. Jake got up and left the office. Bobbi hurried after him and caught him at Annie's door, taking him by the arm. "You really care about her, don't you? Why? From everything we can determine, you are a loner with a story you don't want to share. Why care about a problem case like her?"

Jake looked at the door, moved to look through the narrow window slit before turning back to her. "Why do you care? I've seen it in you, too. You've attached yourself to her, also. The Sheriff won't say, but there is something in your past that brought you into law enforcement, something that made him surprised that you volunteered to look after her. It was like you have a reputation for being the one to bust guy's chops, being in the action to bring them to justice. What made you agree to stay with her?"

They stood looking the other down, not that either was going to succeed. They were both strong individuals; they were both reluctant to finally open up to someone, to share their hurt and pain. What they both did share, however, was Annie. They both saw someone who needed support and understanding, emotional and physical understanding and acceptance. Their own broken conditions were suited to an understanding and easily relating to Annie's situation. Each had spent hours individually and together listening to Annie as she cried and talked until they felt tied to her. After only a few days, Annie had entwined herself into them and, whether they were ready to act on it or not, entwining them with her and each other.

But, they weren't ready just yet. So they turned to the door, as if it were choreographed to move in unison. Even they recognized it and laughed as Jake held the door for Bobbi to enter ahead of him.

Annie was awake and beamed as she saw them come in together with smiles. "You two look happy; is there good news? Did you bring those flowers, Jake?"

He confirmed that he had but that there was no new information except that her recovery was progressing well and could be discharged as early as the morning. That, however, brought a frown to her face.

"Where would I go? I can't very well go home, can I?" Jake and Bobbi sat on opposite sides of her bed, each reaching for a hand. The three of them looked at each other, realizing and accepting how they were sharing their contact and mutual concern. Nobody had an answer and nobody ventured an opinion. The conversation shifted to more mundane topics, but that question never was far under the surface. When the doctor and nurse returned for her follow-up testing, Jake and Bobbi each gave her a kiss on the forehead, looked at each other, and left the room.

Jake took Bobbi's arm and guided her to the doctor's office, but they found it empty. He turned her to him at arm's length, "I think we need to talk. We need to come to grips about Annie and ourselves." He turned and guided her toward the entrance.

"Where are we going?"

"Dinner. I'm buying."

"Are you taking me on a date, Jake? Or ... just talking?"

He smiled at the question. As he flashed the remote to unlock the doors to the new truck, "That's up to us ... let's see." He gave her a smile she couldn't read. But it was a smile that was open and accepting. And, she had to agree with his basic premise before. They each had things about them that drew them to Annie, things they weren't sharing, things that kept them apart.

Bobbi directed him to the local eating place, specializing in mediocre steaks. She was surprised when, after ordering, he launched right into his story, no longer challenging her for hers, but deciding to open the door himself. That took up much of the time during dinner. Then, over drinks after, she opened up about herself.

She grew up in a loving, caring family. They were mixed race with known descendants of white, Native American tribes, and Hispanic. Mostly, they thought of themselves as Hispanic. She grew up on a small ranch, probably not that much different than Jake's except they did have electricity and water, even if both might breakdown occasionally. Being the oldest, she was set on a course to be the family's first high school graduate and then going further to become a Veterinary Technician. She had dreamed of being a full Vet, but that was hopelessly beyond their financial means. The Community College classes were enough of a stretch for the family, requiring her to leave home on

top of the credit expenses. Her life changed forever, though, one night as she was walking from a late class to her little apartment above a nearby bar.

As she cut through an alley to get to the outside stairs to her apartment, her head was suddenly covered by a sack and pulled into a vehicle. She was repeatedly raped over the next several days. She never knew how many men there were. She was bound, blind folded, and gagged during the entire time. After the first couple hours of fighting them, she gave up and remained limp for the rest of the time. They complained, saying they like the fight and hit her repeatedly in efforts to create more resistance. After what was the first night, she didn't care any longer if she lived or died.

She was dumped, still bound, blind folded, naked and abused, in the city park. By the time she was found in the new light of day, she was done crying. As it turned out, it was Frank Orland, the County Sheriff, who responded to the call. He took her to the hospital, notified her parents, and worked the case himself, tirelessly for weeks but nothing ever came of it. The DNA led nowhere without suspects to check it against and she had no clues to offer him. Her dreams of becoming a Vet Tech suddenly changed to law enforcement with the single minded intent to bring as many assholes as possible to justice. And, she was efficient and effective. She never broke the law in her actions, but she did push the limits occasionally, then being reminded by the County DA that all her efforts could jeopardize a conviction.

She looked over her beer bottle at Jake. "So, in a way I saw some of myself in Annie's condition and it got to me. It might have even gotten to me in ways that my own experience didn't. My life changed completely. I was set to be on a wonderful life course of helping and caring. I gave it all up. I dedicated myself to hunting down assholes. I gave up on any idea of my own happiness or relationships."

Jake reached across the table and took her left hand in his, fingering the ring on her finger. "What about this? You did get married, though?"

She smiled shyly at him, "No ... that's to keep guys away to let me focus."

"Focus on being alone and unhappy?"

"Like you."

They smiled at each other and he admitted it, "Yes, like me." He was still holding her hand. Their eyes drifted to the table top, both looking at their hands, each using a finger or thumb to caress the other's. Their eyes drifted up. In deep silence, a silence that drowned out the clatter, conversation, and chair scraping around them, they stared into each other's eyes.

Jake dropped \$40 on the table, way more than necessary to include the tip, and he led her out to his truck. Once inside the truck, he put the key in, but hesitated. Without looking up, "I was going to offer to drop you at your place, but ... I remembered your cruiser is at the hospital."

He felt her hand on his thigh. It was soft and tender with a light caress. "It will be just fine there." He looked up at her face and found a shy smile. "If the offer is real ... I'd very much like that."

She directed him to her little apartment in a nearby town that allowed her to cover her assigned section of the county. Along the way, their hands and fingers sought out each other's hands and thighs. The tension in the truck could nearly be touched.

Once at her apartment building, she led the way up the stairs to the third floor. She took several two at a time, making Jake hustle behind her. Not that it was a problem for him. As he kept pace with

her, his eyes focused more on her uniform encased butt more than the stairs. Fumbling with her keys to unlock the door like a nervous but anxious college student, she dropped them. Bending over to pick them up, her rear end pressing into him, he placed a hand on her left ass cheek. It wasn't even a thought, it just happened. But, before he could panic at taking the liberty, she turned and pressed into him, pushing him across the hall and into the opposite wall. She kissed him and pressed into him harder. She broke the kiss, licking her lips, unlocked the door and pulled him inside where she repeated the same action after closing the door.

His hands went around her, stroking her hair and back, down to her waist and ass. He encountered her service belt and flinched. She smiled into his mouth, pulled her body away from his without breaking the kiss, undid the buckle and dropped the gun and equipment to the floor.

With her lips still in touch with his, "Better?"

"Much. Very intimidating to kiss someone wearing a gun."

They both laughed but she pulled him down the hall. He realized immediately that this wasn't a slow seduction on either of their parts. She was pulling him to her bedroom.

Her bedroom was small, like every other room he saw in the apartment. It was sparsely furnished, which was in keeping with an impression of someone who was focused on things other than relationships and comfort. She closed the door behind them and pinned him against it. He was beginning to feel like he might become a part of her wall furnishing.

He broke this kiss and looked into her eyes, his hunger was fever pitched, but ... "You closed the door. Are you expecting someone to come?"

Her smile was devilish, "The more doors closed, the harder it will be for you to escape." Her smile was devilish, but her eyes reflected lust. He kissed her again, passionately, holding her tightly to him, his hands moving over her back, pulling her into his body. She moaned and gasped, "Oh ... God ... Jake, I ... OOOOOOH, Jake!" She broke the kiss and buried her face into his shoulder, still moaning into him as she pressed her pelvis into his groin, moving side to side, up and down, like some hot salsa dance in slow motion. She moaned into his neck, "Jake ... is has been ... sooooo long ... I ..."

He pulled back and kissed her lightly on the lips, moved a finger over her cheek, then up to her hairline, then back down over her cheek, and under her chin, lifting it to receive another soft kiss. He dipped down and lifted her into his arms, moving the five feet to the bed and placing her softly onto the edge. He bent over, kissing her lips, then knelt in front of her, untying and removing each of her uniform shoes, then her socks, before moving up to kiss her, again.

Her eyes never left him. No man had ever treated her this way, devoting his attention only to her, slowing his own bodily needs to satisfy and appease her. Tears nearly came to her eyes as he knelt before her, lifting each foot and removing her utilitarian shoes and socks as though they were heels and stockings. He raised her feet, kissing her toes before rising up to again kiss her lips. She sighed deeply into his mouth. She couldn't remember ever being so turned-on, but her level of excitement also made her nervous and intimidated. He didn't appear to mind in the least and proceeded slowly. His hands moved to her uniform shirt, unbuttoning the top ones as he finished the kiss. Then, pulling his face back, he focused on her face, mouth, and eyes as his hands continued down the buttons. He checked her face with an unspoken question and she gave an almost imperceptible agreement. He pulled the shirt tails from her pants, pushing the short sleeved shirt off her shoulders and down her arms.

He looked at her sitting before him, now in her plain white T-shirt, standard uniform dress. The T-shirt fit her excellently, pulling the fabric tight across her proud breast. He looked at her, seeing her eyes on him, he gave her an appreciative smile before reaching to the article and pulling it out of her pants and up her body. She put her arms up over her head to ease its removal and shook her hair out as the shirt released it. He moved his hands to her head, entangling his fingers into the same mass of hair, pulling her and him into another passionate kiss. When he broke the kiss, he leaned back and unabashedly gazed at her upper body now clad only in her plain white bra, her nipples pressing the material to show the excitement underneath.

He leaned into her, kissing her lips, her chin, her neck, shoulders and onto her chest. His hands slid the straps of her bra over her shoulders and she shivered. He smiled and moved his hands behind her, seeking the clasps, praying he could undo them without fumbling. Talent or luck, the clasps released and her bra sagged to her elbows, revealing her breasts and nipples. She heard an audible sucking in of his breath as he took in the view for the first time. It made her sit a little straighter, pushing her breasts out further to his view. His hands moved softly, slowly, and tenderly to the sides of her breasts, barely touching them, sliding underneath and lifting them together, his thumbs touching her pert nipples, rotating around the aurora, then pressing on the erect nubs. She gasped at the tenderness, the loving touch, and the control he exhibited, just for her, easing her into the experience, holding back his need and desire that was clear in his eyes and face. But, also evident in his eyes as he watched his own hands on her breasts was appreciation and respect.

He looked up at her face and gave her a timid smile. "Beautiful ... maybe I'll just play them for a while."

She smiled back at him, reached out and kissed him. "It feels so good, Jake. I love the way you touch me. And ... you can play with them all you want, but ... there is more I want you to discover and for us to enjoy. Then ... then you can play with them all you want."

He smiled at her, kissed each breast, each nipple, taking each rigid button into his mouth. All the while, his hands were working on her belt, the snap to her pants, and the zipper. He encouraged her back onto the bed, took the waist into his hands and pulled. She raised her hips to assist him, just as anxious for this moment as she anticipated he was. He pulled her panties with her pants and stopped as her sparse pubic hair came into view. He kissed her stomach, her abdomen, her pubic hair, taking some into his mouth between his lips and pulling up gently. She gasped, mostly at the teasing he was giving her, but also from the proximity that this particular man was to her core of sexuality. The longer he spent, the more excited her body became, and the more she wanted to be devoured by him ... for maybe the first time in her life, she was going to be with a man who cared more about her experience and that was almost enough to put her over the edge. But, not quite.

He continued to pull, revealing her entire crotch, down her legs and off her feet. He kissed his way up her left thigh, stopping at her hip where he pulled up slightly and looked between her legs. She raised her head to look at him, gazing between her own breasts, as he lightly blew into her pubic hair, followed by his lips teasing her hair. His hands moved to her knees and applied gentle pressure outward, not forcing, but indicating his desire. She moved them open for him and his lips moved from her mound down, finding her pussy lips, teasing them with his tongue. He slipped his tongue just inside and muttered a satisfied, "Hmmmmmmmm ... lovely." She dropped her head back onto the bed as his tongue made contact with her clitoris and she gasped out a long moan.

He smiled at her reaction and made the decision that if she was enjoying it that much, he would give her more. He slips his hands under her knees and raised them up until her legs were bent, then pushed them to the sides, effectively splaying her legs apart. His hands moved to her pubic region and his thumbs spread her pubic hair and her outer lips, then slipping his tongue into her pussy,

running it up the inside until he hit her exposed clitoris nub. He captured the nub between his lips and sucked on the sensitive clit. She raised her hips in reaction, moaning and gasping as she did. This reaction encouraged him even more as he moved his mouth down to her open hole, one thumb now gently rotating over her clitoris.

“OHHHH ... my Godddddd!! Jake! What are you doing to me???”

He took that as a rhetorical question and continued, changing his approach frequently to create varying contact and stimulation. Sucking on her clit seemed to create the strongest immediate reaction but he was aware of the danger of over stimulating any one place too long. He wormed his middle finger inside her and curled it up to stroke her front vaginal wall. Her hips shot up into the air and she cried out, indicating to him that he had found the spot and it was very sensitive. While stroking the spot on the inside, he lowered his mouth to suck on her clit, now attacking her sensitive spot from both directions. Her hips rose and her head jerked up and back down. She was thrashing on the bed as she cried out, her hands on his head, pressing it harder into her body. When she climaxed, she exploded. She didn't squirt, he had never seen that, but she leaked her fluid to an extent that he removed his finger and lapped at her pussy, tasting her orgasmic secretions.

She raised her head as her body slowly settled into a more normal condition, her heart rate returning to closer to normal, her breathing slowed and easy. She put her hands on either side of his head and gave a tugging suggestion to encourage him up alongside her. He moved with her slightest of indications of her desire. She marveled at this man, he seemed dedicated to her pleasure and had forgotten that he was still completely dressed. With him lying alongside her, she rolled over on top of him. She looked down into his eyes, very much aware that he was looking at her naked on top of his clothed body. He cupped her breasts in his hands and she smiled down at him, closing her eyes for another moment at the soft and welcome touch.

She refocused, wanting much more. He had already made her orgasm without even being undressed himself, she wanted to experience the rest, too. She opened the buttons of his short, running her hands inside and feeling his chest. She wasn't surprised at the feeling she discovered. He wore loose clothes, in keeping with a modest life of working and no consideration of impressing anyone by his appearance, although she knew that in a prior life he probably was very much a stunning image in tailored suits and casual clothes. His body was hard and fit. His chest was large, his shoulders wide and strong. His stomach was flat and muscled. She scooted down onto his thighs and worked the belt, snap and zipper of his pants. Once opened, she raised her left leg as if dismounting a horse, knowing that she was fully exposing her sex to him, but she felt so completely comfortable and safe with him, and showing him everything now was no longer an issue after he had just spent so much time pleasuring her pussy with his mouth.

He was transfixed by her as she worked at his clothes. Her breasts jiggled and swayed as she worked the buttons and his pants. When she swung her leg over him to get off, he could still see the glistening of his mouth and her orgasm on the lips of her pussy, her pubic hair matted against her pussy. She pulled his arms to get him sitting to quickly remove his shirt. Then, after pushing him back onto the bed, she grabbed the waist band of his pants and underwear, tugging them down. He lifted his hips to assist, but she stopped as his penis came into view. It was hard. She looked at it, then up at his face. He was watching her. She gave him an impish smile, then bent down to lick the head, then the length of his cock before taking the head into her mouth. She sucked on it, took about half of it into her mouth, then backed away causing his cock to stand straight up before leave her mouth and smacking against his abdomen. He saw her lick her lips, but she moved to his feet, removing his shoes and socks before pulling his pants and underwear the rest of the way off.

He opened his arms to her and she went to him, sliding her body over his in the process. Once they

were in an embrace and kissing, though, he rolled them over with him on top and between her legs. They continued to kiss as his right hand slid from her shoulder, over her left breast, and down her left side to her hip. He moved his hand inside her thigh and stroked her pussy, slipping it just inside the lips, parting them and penetrating her hole, again. He broke the kiss and fixed his gaze on her eyes as he moved his finger in and out and up her slit to her clitoris. He smiled at her, holding her gaze as he moved the head of his cock to her pussy lips, moving it up and down the length, transferring her lubrication to the head, then placing the head at her entrance. He glanced down at her pussy, at his cock just outside it. He looked up at her, her eyes moving up from looking at the same place and now focused on his. She smiled at him and nodded.

He looked down, then, "I don't have a condom."

She smiled, but her eyes were glazing in need. "It's okay, Jake. Thank you, but I am on the pill."

His smile got bigger, "No, I'm fixed. I meant in case you were concerned about ... diseases."

She pulled him down to her and in the process, he penetrated her. She kissed him and pulled him higher, causing more penetration. "I'm not concerned with you, Jake. I want this, Jake. I want this more than I have wanted anything in a very long time. You made me orgasm, once. Now, I want to orgasm again with you ... together."

He pressed forward, positioned himself on his knees for support and anchor and thrust deeply into her. She gasped. She was wet ... very wet. He slid into her nearly to the maximum depth he could and he reached that maximum after only a few more strokes. She gasped, moaned, groaned and mumbled unintelligible sounds into his neck and shoulder as they fucked.

He braced himself and stroked in a steady rhythm in and out, in and out ... then he raised himself above her, creating a new angle, all the while stroking ... in and out. He wanted to cum ... needed to cum. He hadn't been with a woman since Katie. He had almost forgotten the feeling of a hot, wet pussy around his penis. Bobbi was unbelievable. He couldn't and wouldn't make any comparisons with Katie, but he knew in his soul that Bobbi was special, that she was connected to him ... not just with their bodies, but far deeper, deeper than words allowed to express. It was that feeling about her that drove him to satisfy her, to please her, to pleasure her. But ... it had been so long, that feeling her hot, wet vaginal channel around him, feeling it clenching around him, making his need to cum increase and rise. She stated her desire, her wish that she could now orgasm at the same time as him and he willed himself to resist what his body, especially his balls and penis wanted; he diverted his mind as he changed his stroked, the angle, the depth, all in an effort to bring her to orgasm.

He was concentrated so much on avoiding his own climax that he missed the initial signs of her approaching orgasm. But, her voice took care of that and brought him back to their needs.

"Ohhhhhh ... my god, Jake!! Oh, I ... I love ... I love what you are doing to me!" She clawed at him to bring him against her, mashing his chest into her breast as he continued to stroke into her. "Yesssss ... yes, Jake ... Oooooooooooooo ... Jake!!!! Jake ... I ... I ... I ... ooooooooooooo ... nnnnnnnnn ... mmmmm ... oh, Jake ... I am ... I ammmmmmm ... Ohhhh, Jake, I am cummmmmmmmmminnnnnnggggg!!!"

He pulled nearly out of her and thrust deeply back in. Their pelvis bones crashed together, penetrating as deeply as was possible. Over and over, out and in ... he knew they were both sooooo close ... then he felt it, he felt her canal clench tightly around him, felt her legs go rigid, felt her chest inhale sharply and not exhale, felt it all ... and he couldn't resist any longer. He drove deeply into her one last time and stayed where he was, felt his cock jerk, twitch, and finally spurt his seed

deep inside the hot, wet sleeve surrounding him.

He grunted and groaned as she cried out. Both together. They came and they gave to each other. He felt her quake and shiver and shake as her orgasm took over her body. All he could do was grasp her, hold her tightly to him as their bodies rode out this experience.

Later, Bobbi was leaning against two pillows braced by the headboard. Jake was between her legs, his face no more than six inches from her pussy. His fingers moved hairs, touched her lips, parted them slightly, but mostly he was looking, inspecting.

Bobbi was sipping from a glass of wine, bemused by this antic displayed by Jake. "What are you looking at?"

Without looking up, Jake answered with mild exasperation, "You don't know what I am looking at?"

She laughed, "I know what you are looking at. My pussy. Surely you've seen one before, you were married to what I trust was a wonderful woman."

"Yes, I have. But, yours ... I want to know yours intimately, to know everything about it ... what it looks like, every part ... how to stimulate it, in every way." He looked up at her with a boyish grin of joy. "Do you mind if I get back to what I was doing?"

"Actually, you can spend as much time there as you want, but ... I was trying to have a short conversation."

He squirmed out from his special place and crawled to her side, taking his glass of wine from the night stand. "Okay. To answer your question, yes. Yes, I like her ... a lot. Yes, I feel a connection. A connection I can't explain, nor can I ignore." He looked to the side at her, "You?"

She reached for his hand and he switched the glass to the other and grasped her hand. "What does this mean for us? I can't explain it, either. But, yes ... yes, I feel a connection with Annie, too. I feel something that doesn't make any sense. It should seem impossible, crazy, absurd. How can three strangers be so drawn to each other ... of course, that depends on Annie feeling the same way. Do you think she does?"

"Yes ... you've seen the way she opens up to either one of us, how she relaxes when either one of us is with her." Jake kissed the back of her hand. "She's the most vulnerable, though. We need to approach her carefully, slowly."

Bobbi pulled his hand to her breast, pressing his palm over her nipple. "Can this work? Can it really work so there is no conflict?" She chuckled, "I know I'm not lesbian, you sure proved that ... and, I never thought of myself as bi-sexual."

"Bi-sexual is a word, Bobbi. It's a box that others put people into. What we focus on is loving and caring for each other."

"You are an amazing man, Jake Collins. I never thought I would let anyone get close to me, again." She took their glasses and put them on the nightstand. "You know what I want right now?" He shook his head warily. "I want to be on top. You know I am a cowgirl, right?"

And that wasn't the final time for them that night or the next morning ...

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## CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning was another first. They shared a shower and much more ...

In Jake's truck on the way back to the hospital where Bobbi's cruiser was still parked, he suddenly veered toward downtown. He asked for the best breakfast place in the town with sweet rolls for sale.

Bobbi shifted in the seat, jerking her service belt a bit to allow more movement. "Breakfast I understand, but why the sweet rolls?"

"When we walk into the hospital together, I want to be able to say I took you to breakfast and bring the rolls in for the staff. There may still be some speculation about your cruiser being in the parking lot so early, but it's worth a try."

"Jake Collins, I do believe you are trying to protect my reputation." She released her seatbelt to kiss his cheek.

As they walked through the main entrance of the hospital, the receptionist was very aware. "And, where have you two ... are those sweet rolls from Carol's Café? You are the most thoughtful man!"

Bobbi leaned into him and mumbled towards him, "Your gambit seems to have worked on her ... for the moment, anyway."

After being relieved of the bag of sweet rolls, they push through the double doors into the corridor of patient rooms and encountered Sheriff Frank Orland.

"There you two are. I supposed you're going to tell me you went for breakfast and that's why the cruiser is sitting in the parking lot, but no Deputy Mendoza to be found."

Jake stepped forward and put his arm around the heavy shoulders of the Sheriff. "And, it's also the truth ..."

He looked with skepticism at Jake and questioning at Bobbi. But, then he relented, "Whatever ... come on, we need to talk to Annie. The State Patrol came through last night."

He led the way into Annie's room after knocking. The nurse was finishing up with her morning checkup. She informed Annie that the doctor would be seeing her within the hour and would answer any more question she might have. She was itching to know how her wounds were healing and when she might be able to 'escape'.

The Sheriff stood at the end of her bed, Bobbi and Jake flanking the two sides. Frank was flipping through paper in a manila folder. "Annie, I have been on the phone with the State Patrol and Phoenix PD this morning. As you know, your husband ... Tommy Tolley ... filed a missing person report on you, but not until the following day. In his report, he said you left in your car and never returned. We didn't believe that. For one thing, your car was not found anywhere in the county. For another, someone does go abusing themselves as if they were the focal point of a BDSM party, then bury themselves. That was only our belief before. Now, thanks to the State guys, we have our proof."

She looked around at the faces. She smiled at them with a look of wonderful joy. "I am glad you have your legal proof, Frank. I have news, too. I am getting some of my memory back and I remember bits and pieces from that night. But, what have you got?"

"Excellent, maybe we can start piecing some of this together. Like I said, the State guys came

through. They found your car. And ... just as Jake predicted ... they found it at one of those large fuel stations for trucks and cars on the west side of Flagstaff on Interstate 40 at the exit for the I-40 business route. It was parked on the side of the restaurant. I'm sure they thought it could sit there for a long time, but an employee who takes too many smoke breaks happened to notice that it never moved. When the alert came out, he called the State Patrol. One of the security cameras was pointed right at the vehicle." He fumbled with a page in his folder, "This is a capture from the security video. Annie, I want you to tell me if this person is anyone you know. It's not the clearest picture, but I hope it is good enough."

He passed it to Bobbi who handed it to Annie. The picture showed a man getting out of the car, one foot still inside, his hand on the top of the door. She oriented it properly and gasped, "That rotten, dirty, scum bag!" Bobbi sat on the side of the bed and touched her arm and encouraged her to just identify the person for everyone to hear. "Sorry. That's my loving husband, Tommy Tolley. The miserable bastard!"

"Okay, good. Now, here's another one. It shows Tolley moving to a man standing in an open pickup door. Can you identify anything in this picture for us?"

This one was passed along to her and her eyes immediately indicated recognition. "Yes, that's Andy Carson. He's kind of like the Alpha of the group. That's his pickup truck, a red Ford F150, maybe three years old. He often had someone bring drugs to the parties. I never took any, promise. I knew I was in enough trouble without getting strung out and agreeing to do something I wouldn't ordinarily want to do."

"Okay, Annie. This is all great. Now, can you tell me if you can remember anything about that night now. Did you see that pickup truck at the party? Do you remember which car Tolley drove over there? Anything like that?"

"My memory is coming, but it is still patchy. I am catching up with bits and pieces, but ... let me think ... I am sure he took my car. He got into an accident a few weeks ago. It still runs but is dented pretty bad on the front driver's side. The headlight on that side is broken so he doesn't like to drive it at night. And ... I think ... yes, we did! I remember looking up as Tommy get me out of the car. I was disoriented and couldn't figure out why I was getting out of the car in my baby doll negligee. But, yes ... we were parked right behind that pickup. I remember ... I stumbled ... high heels? ... I was wearing high heels for some reason ...but Tommy stumbled when I did and I caught myself on the back of the truck."

"Good, Annie. This really helps. Everything is still just circumstantial, but ... well, now we know where to press. We just need to decide how without scaring them quiet." Frank looked around the room and returned his attention to Annie. "Annie, there is something else. Even though there was no actual death involved, the case is being handled as though there was for obvious reasons. The Arizona Criminal Investigations Division is taking an active role since the case started here but includes Phoenix and evidence in Flagstaff, your car. The doctor is going to release you today, but given the evidence we have to date, the feeling among all agencies is that you should remain protected somewhere. There is a real chance that when they realize you aren't dead, that you may be in danger. They casually got rid of your body once, we don't want to give them another chance."

Annie looked at Bobbi, then at Jake, before responding to Frank, "You really think that could be real?"

"Let's consider it a conservative precaution. The question is where. We could consider a motel somewhere in the county."



Jake was shaking his head. "If this concern is at all real, won't they be thinking the same thing. There aren't that many options around here. Taking her to one of the larger cities increases the potential of her being seen and recognized. Her picture will be on the TV all over the state once it is discovered that she survived."

The Sheriff ran his hand through his hair. "Listen, Jake, you've done pretty well with this so far, if you have another idea, let's hear it."

Jake looked over at Bobbi, then at Annie, but he didn't say anything. He looked back at Bobbi and it was as if something was holding him back.

Bobbi looked at Annie, but was talking to the group, "She should go to Jake's place. Let's face it, he lives in the 'nowhere', literally. No phone, no electricity, no address. I'll volunteer to stay with her. My radio could be our communication, if necessary."

Jake turned and went to the window. He wasn't sure what to make of this. True, he and Bobbi had talked about it, but ... was this too fast? Shouldn't Annie have time to get her feet under her? Before he could control all his conflicting thoughts, though, he heard Annie's voice.

"That sounds perfect to me."

Jake turned around sharply, glared at Bobbi, then caught himself and softened his look. Turning to Annie, "Maybe not."

Frank turned to the door and called out to them, "Work it out and let me know."

After the Sheriff was out of the room, Bobbi glared at Jake and she didn't soften it afterward. She turned to Annie, "Excuse us for a minute, Annie, Jake and I need to talk."

She charged to the door and held it open, waiting for him to follow. Jake gave Annie an embarrassed smile and followed. In the hallway, Bobbi took him to the end of the hall, each facing to a side and 30 feet from Annie's room. She stood before him, her hands in fists on her hips at the top of her service belt. She closed the gap between them, poked her index finger into his chest and demanded, "What the hell was that? 'Maybe not'? What happened to last night? We talked about just this thing; we were in agreement. Open and honest, remember? What's going on, Jake? Are you having doubts about last night? About us, too?"

He took her finger, kissed it, and put it to her side. "Last night was me, Bobbi. Honest, that was me. Everything that happened, that I said, were honest and my open feelings. I am not doubting anything about us. But ..."

She softened now seeing the feelings brimming in his eyes, his face. "Okay ... sorry, but what, Jake?"

He placed his hands on her shoulders and pulled her into him. He kissed her neck and hugged her and breathed into her neck, "My feelings for you are intense and real." He put her at arm's length to look deeply into her face and eyes, "We agreed our feelings were crazy, we admitted it to ourselves and each other, and even so we wanted to jump into the deep end, believing that together we would be good." He took a deep breath, "Now the 'but' ... but, Annie ... she's been through so much. She's just now coming out of trauma, physical abuse, sexual abuse, concussion, short-term memory issues ... I was just thinking she might need more time."

She hugged him back. "I'm sorry, Jake. Maybe I over reacted. But, she's an adult, she can make her decision, like we did."

"Maybe she needs time to get her feet under her, regain her balance in life. I don't know ... I don't know ... what we were talking about last night would be beautiful and that is still true. Listen, all I am worried about is Annie thinking someday that she was manipulated while in a vulnerable condition. I'm just worried ..."

"Shouldn't I have a say in this discussion?" Neither of them had a view of Annie's door. They turned to the voice and found Annie in her hospital gown standing 10 feet from them.

So they talked about it. They led her back to her room, but she said she had enough of the bed. She took one of the chairs and Jake sat on the bed while they talked. They didn't explicitly talk about the details of their discussion of the previous night, or their decision to move ahead with a relationship, or their hopes that she would join them. But, they did talk about her health and what she wanted and why she expressed a desire to go to Jake's home in the wilderness.

"You two are the only people I have. I appreciate everything the hospital staff has done, what the Sheriff has done, but you two ... Jake, you saved my life. Hell, you may have brought me back to life. And you didn't desert me. You continued to care and watch over me. Bobbi, you were the one I woke up to. And you were always there. You both talked to me, shared your stories with me and got me to open up to you, each of you separately and together." She was wringing her hands and abruptly stopped and put them into her lap. She gave them a shy smile, "I know more about you both from these few days than I probably knew about my husband. I mean really knew, what made him who he was kind of things." There was a silence in the room. She got up from the chair to sit next to Jake. She put an arm out to Bobbi who joined them on the edge of the bed. "I trust you two." She looked up into Jake's eyes, "It's your home, Jake. If you don't want the problems or the inconvenience or the intrusion of this, I will understand." She giggled, "Disappointed, but I'll understand."

They all laughed. At the same time, Jake's hand slipped accidentally into the open back of the hospital gown and he felt bare skin.

Jake stood, "Okay, I guess that's settled. First things first, though. I think Bobbi needs to make a shopping trip for you. I think a couple pair of jeans, T-shirts, etc. for now. We can stop and get you fitted for shoes on the way. We also need to confirm this with Frank. I want to suggest a course of action. I think we need to rattle their cages and see what happens."

Bobbi left for the quick shopping trip and returned an hour later with the clothes to start Annie with until it was safe to return home. Bobbi used her shoulder radio to call the Sheriff and he arrived in another 30 minutes. He found the trio in the small cafeteria, which was really just a collection of vending machines with a refrigerator and microwave and a few tables and scattered chairs.

Frank saw no issue with the arrangement of having Annie at Jake's with Bobbi as an onsite protection. He was intrigued with the idea of shaking up some reaction.

"Okay, Jake, you've been spot on so far. What are you thinking?"

Jake wanted to have Annie call her husband and give him only a few basics, but essentially bitch him out, a lot of emotion, vague accusations, etc. A call from Annie out of the blue when he and the others believed she was dead was bound to rattle them. He went on to suggest getting a trace on his phone, not a bug or listening on the call, but a trace of who he would call after. That would lead them to perhaps the primary other suspects, maybe the one behind her being buried. Everyone agreed that Tommy Tolley was not up to directing all of this and was likely to be duped into it and it all went bad, with panic reactions following. Tommy was the one to rattle and then follow the trail of phone calls, one to the other, possibly identifying all the suspects in a string of calls. It was still

circumstantial and real evidence would be needed, but that might come.

Frank was nervous. They couldn't keep her survival a secret forever, but announcing it could lead them down to them. It wasn't reasonable to expect people not to talk. The hospital staff alone has seen her and would have information.

Jake thought about that, "Then we use that. We use people's natural instinct to share information. But ... we also use people's intrigue of being included in something bigger, mysterious, and exciting. We'll set them up to be actors for a play. Each with a script of what to say when an unknown inquiry comes in about Annie. Very controlled. Any deeper queries will be referred to you, Frank. Imagine it, these people will be tickled pink to be included in protecting Annie. It'll be the most excitement they've had in a long time. We tell them that at the end, I will throw a party and we'll all have a great laugh and share stories. They'll eat it up."

Frank just looked at him. But, then, so were Bobbi and Annie. But, it was Frank, "Where do you come up with this stuff? Never mind. Let me tell you something, Jake. I did my due-diligence on you. You were pretty big shit, excuse me ladies, back in Dallas. Three tours in war zones, decorated, a hot shot in a big marketing firm ... No offense, but I needed to know who I was putting my trust in. You have a hell of a mind. When this is all over, I want to talk to you about a volunteer-deputy role." He reached out and shook Jake's hand. Bobbi and Annie silently watched, but their faces showed a pride that might otherwise seem strange for such new relationships.

Frank was thinking and the rest waited. Then, "I like it. I'm going to run it by the State guys. The Criminal Investigations Division, CID, are crack investigators in the State. I want to see if we can get the traces and a reaction on stirring up the pot. It shouldn't take long." He looked at Annie and gave her a big smile. "I have to tell you, young lady, it sure makes me feel good to see you dressed and excited. The way you looked that first day when Jake brought you in ..."

Jake redirected the attention that might come back to him, "Well, somebody needs some shoes. And, maybe something to eat away from the hospital? If we're back in an hour, hour and a half?" It was agreed that it would be perfect.

Over their meal, amid looks and stares from patrons, Jake fielded questions about his home. All anybody knew was that it was primitive. He recounted that it wasn't quite as primitive as it might sound to be without electrical and water lines and phone service. He had generators and pump access to good ground water. He had remodeled the place. But, yes, it was gas cooking, generators for everything requiring electricity so he didn't use it more than necessary. He talked about the horses, cattle, hogs, few chickens and the dogs. He was always busy and he like that. The place served its purpose of giving him time. Bobbi had grown up on a similar setup, but with the necessary conveniences. Annie was a townie, not familiar at all with that life. But, Annie was bubbling with energy, being out of the hospital, starting something new.

Back at the hospital, they found Frank again using the doctor's office. He reported that everything was ready. The CID would be able to trace the calls through the phone companies and Phoenix PD was putting an unmarked car down the street from the house in case he decided to drive rather than use the phone. The CID had a line set up for their use that could be recorded. The call would look like it was coming from the Phoenix area. They rehearsed Annie, but she had little difficulty getting in the mood for the call. The idea was to surprise and disrupt Tommy's comfort.

She dialed Tommy's cell phone number. He picked up on the third ring. "Hello?"

"It's me, Tommy."

"Who is this?"

"You don't recognize your own wife's voice?"

"No ... who is this? What are you trying to pull here?"

"It's really me, Tommy."

"It can't be!"

"Why, Tommy? Because I was dead and buried in the wilderness?"

"What? No ... I mean ..."

"You bastard! You asshole! What kind of weasel are you, Tommy? Your own wife? What happened, Tommy? You let things go too far, but I thought you still loved me ... what happened, how could it have gotten so messed up?"

"I ... I ... I don't ... no, this can't be."

"Well it is. I'm alive. A guy out riding his horse found me. I've been in a hospital all this time. How could you bury me in the wilderness, Tommy? Naked and alone, buried alive ..."

"NO! It wasn't me ... I mean, it wasn't ... I ... no, this can't be ..."

"Tommy, some information you might not know ... they found my car and the State is doing forensic analysis on it. I heard something about aggravated assault, attempted murder, conspiracy to commit murder, unlawful kidnapping, enslavement, physical and sexual abuse. Shoot, Tommy, there might be another dozen charges by the time they are done investigating this." The connection was cut. Frank hung up the phone and everyone looked at each other.

Frank's cell phone buzzed and he opened it up and listened, said thank you and was all smiles. "The CID extends their congratulations of a marvelous effort of reaming him. You definitely rattled him. He almost blurted out that he wasn't the one who buried you. They are contacting the cell provider as we speak and the Phoenix stakeout guys are alerted." He reached out his hand and held hers. "Damn, Annie. You scared the shit out of him!"

Jake was given access to a computer and he drafted up a simple script for the staff to use in case any calls came in about Annie. Nobody was to know that she was going to be at Jake's. The assumption was reinforced that she was discharged to a regional motel somewhere, but they hadn't been provided that information. There was nothing about being discharged from a hospital that required them to know where the patient was going.

Jake shook hands with Frank. As they turned to leave, Frank asked Bobbi, "Are you taking your cruiser or your personal vehicle? The cruiser might draw attention."

She looked at Jake and Jake answered, causing Frank to raise an eyebrow. "It will have a more powerful radio, if needed. And, it will have additional weapons, if needed. I'll leave first, then Bobbi about 20 minutes later. I'll wait for her at the turnoff into the wilderness. There is a gate with a very effective lock, so if you need to come out, radio ahead and I will meet you at the gate."

Annie rode with Jake and they cruised over the miles not drawing any attention or interest. But Annie was chattering the entire time. He turned off the dirt road and waited on the trail that

consisted of two ruts leading into the valley and his place. They waited for Bobbi to catch up and Annie continued chattering.

"What's wrong, Annie? You are normally so talkative."

"I'm nervous, maybe a little scared."

"Of being out here?"

"Oh, no! No ... just what I might have stirred up. What they might do."

"Well, I suspect you did stir up their emotions, anxieties, fears. But, first, they would have to figure out where you are and I don't think they are that smart. Second, I've fought off enemies who were better trained, more skilled, and more numerous. Third, don't forget Bobbi and her training. Don't worry, but we won't be careless, either." She leaned over the center console and hugged his arm.

She looked up into the mountains. Almost as an aside, "I've never ridden a horse before. Will you teach me?" His mind flashed to Bobbi's comment about duplicating the ride of that first morning when he found Annie ... naked and pressed into his body. He smiled. Just then he saw plumes of dust rise towards them. Here comes Bobbi ... That brought a smile, too.

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The following days were quiet and peaceful. There was the sound of the generator kicking in or the water pump, but that was about it. Except for the radio that Bobbi was instructed to keep near her at all times. She was released from wearing her uniform, but Frank wanted the radio and her service belt nearby just in case. Bobbi called in at random times twice a day. All was quiet with them and the various agencies were following leads and contacts, determining their next move, and how to generate some more movement, but they were happy not to have all the details. Annie was relaxing and expressed being happier than she had been in years ... maybe longer than that.

After giving the women a tour of the house on the first day, Jake announced that he would sleep in the barn, Annie could have his bedroom (king sized bed) and Bobbi the extra bedroom (queen sized bed). The two women protested, but he insisted. Again, he wanted it to move comfortably for Annie.

After a simple dinner, it got dark early, which was Jake's quiet time. He soon announced that he was retiring and left, the dogs along with him. That night started out as Jake had intended. The two women retired early to the two rooms. Bobbi was surprised how tired she was. She was just dozing off when she heard the door to the room squeak open.

"Annie?"

"Yes. Bobbi, can I sleep with you? I've spent enough nights alone."

"Of course, honey." She held up the edge of the light cover and Annie slid in, pressing up against Bobbi. She smiled at the contact and put her arm around the other woman, hugging her into her body. They lay quietly. After several moments, Bobbi decided to offer some quiet comforting talk, but stopped before she could start, aware of the gentle, soft snore that came from the woman in her arms. She snuggled in tighter and fell into sleep herself.

After that night, Jake returned to his own bedroom. Quite relieved, too. Sleeping in hay sounded simple enough, but he itched half the morning after.

The peace of the place was hard to ignore. Annie, who had grown up in a middle size city and then moved to the mega-city of Phoenix, was in awe of the difference she was experiencing. Jake was off taking care of something somewhere and the two women were busy with the simpler chores of feeding the hogs and chickens, scouring the hay in the barn for eggs that were randomly dropped by the hens, and other such things around the house, barns, and sheds. Bobbi looked up to find Annie leaning against the open barn door, peering out across the valley and into the wilderness that made up the larger portion of the Chiricahua National Monument. Growing up in New Mexico was similar to the landscape of Arizona, but she had never experienced such quiet and peace.

Bobbi came up behind the younger woman and put her arms around her waist and let her chin rest on the shoulder. "Anything bothering you?"

Annie put her arms around the arms holding her and hugged them into her. She smiled and tilted her head into Bobbi's. "That's what I was realizing ... nothing. I've just been through one of the worst experiences that maybe anyone can go through, died, buried, and been resurrected ... and I feel at peace. Is this how you grew up, Bobbi?"

"Similar. We lived closer to civilization, there were more of us, and we had all the distractions of the world at our fingertips. So, I guess not ... not like this. It isn't bothering you to be so separated from the world?"

"I'm surprised, but no, I'm not. I was just thinking ... it would be nice to be able to live like this. You know, after everything else ..." Bobbi didn't say anything to that, just kissed her cheek.

That night, Jake told the women that he would be leaving at first light with one of the ATV's. He found another section of fencing that required repair before he had more cattle spread out over the wilderness. He reminded Bobbi to keep her service belt nearby and not to open the gate for anyone.

The next morning, Bobbi was up as usual with the light shining in the window. She quietly exited the bedroom she now shared with Annie, made coffee and sat on the front porch step, enjoying the quiet morning. They both were only wearing T-shirts to bed and she remained like that this morning. It didn't quite cover her completely below but close enough, she thought with a smile. She knew Jake would never complain. It had already been three nights since they moved in to take over Jake's quiet and peace. She looked back to the house and down the side toward the window that would be the bedroom where Annie still slept. The time here had brought peace and comfort to Annie, things that she desperately needed to move forward after the betrayal and abuse she had endured, especially at the hands of her husband. Annie was doing well ... she and Jake ... well, that was another matter.

In her mind, she and Jake had at least two things going on that was creating a sense of tension and anticipation. One, they had just consummated an intimate relationship they wanted to continue and to explore; two, they both had expressed similar feelings and desires for Annie and her constant presence was a constant reminder of the uncertainty surrounding those feelings.

Maybe Jake was right, maybe they just needed to give her time to come to her own recognition of feelings. But, maybe he wasn't right. Maybe the feelings between she and Jake would become evident and that might stymie Annie's exploration of her own interests.

Maybe ... maybe ... the hell with it!

She pushed herself up from the step, went inside, put her coffee cup in the sink, and went into the bedroom, taking her T-shirt off as she climbed on the top sheet. Annie was on her back, her T-shirt moved up to her navel during the night. She was softly snoring, but it became irregular as Bobbi slipped in alongside her. For a moment, Bobbi simply watched her, seeing her more closely than she

had ever been able to before. She was really quite pretty. Lying here like this she looked so innocent, not the woman she knew who had experienced so much at the hands of others.

She leaned in, stretched her left arm around her and kissed her on the cheek. She stirred, but didn't awaken. She kissed her cheek, again, her temple, her forehead, her eye. She was beginning to stir, but not quite awake, yet. She ventured a kiss to the lips, then another, this time lasting longer. She felt a hand on the back of her head, holding her in the kiss. For a moment she thought Annie might be dreaming or reliving a situation from the past, but she relaxed into the kiss when Annie responded to her.

"Ohhhhh ... Bobbi, I've wanted to do this for so long ..."

The kiss lasted longer, they parted only long enough to smile at one another before resuming kissing. Annie's hand slipped off Bobbi's head onto her back, causing her to break the kiss to look into the eyes of the woman kissing her.

"You're naked. You meant to ..." Bobbi only nodded and moved to the side as Annie struggled to sit up. She removed her own T-shirt, fell back into the bed and pulled Bobbi with her. They kissed each other, touched each other with their hands, and followed that with using their mouths, lips, and tongues on each other. Bobbi broke the kiss and knelt up alongside Annie in the bed, the covering top sheet long since cast aside. She leaned over, kissed the other woman softly on the lips, then the chin, her throat, her collar bones, down her breast bone, then diverting to the sides to kiss and fondle each breast and nipple. Each nipple was taken into her mouth, her teeth taking hold and pulling outwardly, the nipple stretching out. All the while, she held the woman's eyes with her own, but not entirely as Annie glanced from Bobbi's eyes to her own nipples being held in teeth and stretched, then back into the eyes.

Bobbi kissed her way back up to devour the lips and mouth of her new lover, bring each to moan out their desire and pleasure in what they had started. Their mutual sounds brought a smile to Bobbi's face as she moved quicker this time along the same path as before, but then slowing below the breasts. She explored with her tongue the belly button, causing Annie to wiggle under the attention. Moving further down the woman's stomach and abdomen, they brought the sounds of her breathing catching in anxious and hopeful anticipation as kisses and tongue licked inched closer and closer to her mound and over to the edges of her pussy lips. Without any thoughtful action on her part, her legs parted and Bobbi had moved between them.

Bobbi, for her part, remembered back to the pleasure and wonder of that night with Jake and the wondrous things he had done to her that she had never before experienced. She remembered the feeling of the touches, the licks, the penetration of fingers and tongue, the lips sucked, her clit being mouthed and sucked and chewed, and the jolting sensation of his touch on her g-spot. All of these flowed back through her mind as she explored Annie's body. The first time in her life she was exploring, viewing, inspecting a vagina that wasn't hers, a vagina that was only inches from her face and eyes, not separated by feet and a reflection in a hand mirror. As she kissed the lips, took them between her own lips and sucked, pulling one and the other open, as she licked up the length of the slit, gently parting the lips, she found herself enthralled. She had never even thought of loving a woman like this before the events that led to this moment, but now she knew that loving this woman, physically and emotionally, was what she wanted. Any questions she might have harbored, even after the discussion with Jake, were gone forever.

Annie's breathing had turned irregular, catching as she anticipated a new touch or sensation, then gasping breath with a new sound of moan, groan, or sigh. Her hands touched Bobbi's head, her own body and especially her breasts and nipples. She couldn't seem to open her legs wide enough as she

continued to jerk them open only to have them slowly close around the head between her legs. She cried out as Bobbi slid a finger between her pussy lips and into her hole, sawing it in and out, then joined by a second finger. When the fingers curled up and stroked her inside at the front of her vaginal canal, she went rigid, a new and entirely electric feeling shot through her body. Time and again it happened and she cried out each time, holding her breath until another cry escaped her throat.

Bobbi could feel her tensing and her pelvis rotating, thrusting in response to the stimulation she was providing. The woman's pussy was oozing fluid. She left the fingers inside, but moved her mouth down onto the location of her clit. With a thumb she pulled the skin aside and partially exposed the clit hood. She took it into her mouth as Jake had done to her at just this kind of moment. Between what she was doing inside the pussy and outside on the clit, Annie exploded, going rigid, her hips rising off the bed while supported by her heels and shoulders pressed into the bed.

They ended up in a 69 position that brought both of them to climax, the second for Annie. They talked, kissed, and loved the morning away. Not that they were aware of any time passage. They were comfortable exploring this new representation of life. They agreed that neither had ever considered being with a woman before. They also agreed that they would continue with each other.

They finally decided it might be time to get some other part of the day started, but Bobbi pulled Annie out of the bedroom naked. She led her out to the kitchen and was about to make some breakfast when two things happened. She noticed that it was 12:18 showing on the radio face. They laughed and shifted to thinking about lunch. Then, they both heard the sound of an ATV roaring up the mountain. Annie looked at Bobbi anxiously.

"Do you think Jake saw us?"

"The bedroom door was open and we weren't going to hear anything. Besides, I hope so."

"Bobbi, I've had the feeling that you and Jake have started something. Have you?" She simply nodded as she watched and waited. "If he saw us, won't that be a problem?"

Bobbi smiled at her, took her into her arms, and explained. "No, it won't. He'll be happy. Let me explain ..." And she did.

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CHAPTER FIVE

It had been a long day for Jake and by the time he was done, he managed to get back just in time for a late dinner as it was getting dark. He remembered the sight of the women in bed together. How could he forget? He hadn't intended to spy on them, he didn't think he was. It was late enough in the morning that he went down the hall to his bedroom for a dry T-shirt, then a quick bite to eat for lunch. In his mind, it was all innocent for his being back at the house. What he saw, though ...

The extra bedroom door had been wide open and it wasn't when he left early in the morning. So, he didn't think anything about it until he saw them finishing up from a session in a 69 position. He turned around quickly, neglecting to get the T-shirt or something to eat, the two reasons for returning. After reloading the ATV with supplies, he took off, hoping to avoid them knowing he had been there. The two of them looked at him repeatedly and gave each other sly looks when he didn't offer anything. He wanted to get Bobbi to the side to ask her about it, away from Annie. He was dying to know what their love making might mean for them as a group. Was it a passion gone wild moment or an understanding? Did he need to do something now to affirm his interest and intentions,

his desires?

None of that was settled, however. In his way of looking for the ideal opportunity, he found none. But, as it turned out, he didn't need to find the opportunity. He announced his tiredness and intention to go to bed early. As he went about putting the house in order for the night, the women disappeared. He assumed they were headed for an early bed, as well. He walked down the hall to his bedroom, the other room was closed, reinforcing his assumption. He was pulling his shirt off as he entered his room, intending to strip and fall into bed. As his head came out from under the shirt, though, he froze in mid-step. Bobbi and Annie were propped up in the bed, their backs against the headboard, the top sheet pulled up to their waist, but otherwise naked. They were positioned in the bed on either side with room between them, except for the hands that were stretched out to each other.

Bobbi broke his freeze, "We know you saw us this morning. We heard the ATV speed away. And, we talked ... we talked long and openly. We talked about the two of us, we talked about you and me. And, we talked about the three of us. At the end of all that talk, we made a decision. You might say we took a vote and yours no longer matters ... unless you have veto power. Anyway, barring that ... veto power ... we decided that since we all want the same thing, there is no reason to wait any longer. Your bed is plenty big for the three of us." She paused, checked Jake's reaction, which was slow in coming.

Annie threw in, "On a practical consideration, we can save on the washing of a set of sheets ..." The two women giggled. It was apparent that was something they laughed about earlier.

Jake found his voice, "You're serious? Both of you? Bobbi and I talked about this, but ... Annie, I ... you're sure?"

In response, both got out of the bed and walked to him. He was struck by the appearance of them ... in his bedroom ... the implication that this would be the norm. The two women were different, certainly, but both beautiful in their way. Bobbi was sturdier, curvier with naturally darker skin and fuller breasts and hips. Annie had similar hair coloring, but lighter skin, clearly someone who had tanned by the marks on her body. Her breasts and hips were proportional but slimmer than Bobbi's. Where Bobbi's public hair was evident and natural, Annie's was just coming in like a couple day beard on a man. She evidently had kept it shaved or cleaned off some way. As the two women walked to him, he was also struck by the contrast in the movement of their breasts. Annie's were firm and jiggled as she moved, but Bobbi's were larger and swayed with a bit of bounce as she walked. Jake really hoped he wasn't just dreaming this.

Annie put her hands on his face and kissed him, hugging him to her, mashing her breasts into his bare chest, but careful to leave some room directly in front. "Yes, Jake, I am sure. And, I agree that this should seem crazy, it happening so fast, but it doesn't feel crazy to me ... any more than it scared you with Bobbi."

While that was happening, Bobbi was alongside Annie working on opening and lowering Jake's pants. While they hugged and kissed, Bobbi raised one foot to remove his boot and sock and pant leg, then the other. When he was also naked, she took his cock into her mouth. His cock responded immediately. But, then again, he was kissing and stroking one lovely woman who was stroking his back and chest while another lovely woman was kneeling at his feet, his cock in her mouth. That didn't last long, though. The women pulled him to the bed and positioned him between them.

Jake was on his back in the center of the bed, Annie on his right and Bobbi on his left. Both of them were leaning into him, kissing his face, neck, and shoulders. Their hands were busy moving over his

chest, stomach, and cock. His cock ... his raging cock ... one woman holding, stroking, and squeezing it while the other was cupping and massaging his balls. He moved his face from one side to the other, kissing and tonguing one woman and then the other.

While Bobbi took his face into her hands and focused on kissing him, Annie disappeared from his side, but reappeared at his hips, taking his cock into her mouth, sucking, teasing, licking, and gently biting it until his raging cock was rigid beyond his remembrance. He felt Annie straddle his hips and Bobbi broke her kissing with him to look down his body. Jake lifted his head to look down, as well, seeing not only Bobbi watching Annie's action, but that Annie was positioning herself to sit down on his cock. Bobbi gave his cheek a peck and smiled at him, "Yeah, we made this decision, too. I insisted that she really needed to have you inside her first this time. I regaled her with tales about your lovemaking from just that one night." The both watched as Annie deliberately held his cock straight up and slowly moved it under her pussy, coating the head with her juices, then settling down onto it enough for just the head to penetrate her opening. Her mouth opened and a contented sigh escaped her mouth, then it turned into a more contented smile, her eyes opened and looked from one to the other of them as she settled fully down on top of him, not stopping or shifting until she was sitting on his thighs, his cock deep inside her.

As Annie began rising and lowering on his cock, Bobbi resumed kissing him. That ended, though, when she went to her own knees and straddled his head. She looked down at him between her legs and smiled, "Guess what I want." He returned the smile and simply pulled her hips down until her pussy was on his mouth, his lips and tongue active on and inside her pussy.

Jake couldn't possibly see what was happening on top of him, except feeling that both women were shifting their bodies on him. Bobbi was grinding her pussy into his mouth while Annie was raising and lowering hers over his cock, grinding it deep inside her. But then, the two women leaned into each other, cupping each other's breasts and kissing hungrily, their mouths, lips, and tongues seeking the other's out.

Jake worked with nearly singular intention on Bobbi's pussy with his lips and tongue. Near singular only because he used that devotion to stem the rising need he felt to cum, to release into this new lover. How he had thought about just this moment since the realization came to him that the three of them might be a uniquely destined trio. Now it all seemed real, honestly and openly shared and given. He wanted to please both women, if possible, at the same time. So, he deliberated on Bobbi and let Annie take care of herself, using his cock for her pleasure. He slipped a finger between his chin and her mound, finding and stimulating her clit. Then, on impulse, he duplicated the effort for Annie, moving fingers between their bodies, capturing her clit and rotating it, pressing on it.

He felt Annie, first, but only by moments. He felt her pussy clench around him, felt her rotate her hips and press her mound into him and his fingers, felt her pussy clasp around his cock, and felt her shake on top of him. But, that was only moments before Bobbi was duplicating the same actions. He felt her thighs quiver around his face, her hips rotating, pressing her pussy firmly onto his mouth, his tongue now driving into her hungry and gaping hole. They both orgasmed on him and their release signaled his as well. He groaned into the pussy over his mouth, his hips rising to drive even deeper into Annie, arching up, pressing into her and forcing her slightly up from the bed.

They continued well into the night. The oil lamp burning on the dresser on the far wall as the only light in the house. They played, kissed, stroked, and fondled. The two quickly went to work on him to start again. This time with Jake fucking Bobbi with her on her hands and knees, Annie lying on her back in front of her. Bobbi soon dropped to her elbows and kissed, sucked, licked, and tongued Annie. They climaxed at different times. Bobbi achieving an orgasm first, then looking into Annie's eyes, she scrambled out of the way and moved Jake to Annie. He entered her for the second time

that night. He came inside her quickly, but while pressed firmly into her, he leaned down and nipped her nipple with his teeth. She came instantly.

They collapse alongside each other, Bobbi draped over Jake, and Annie draped over Bobbi. They drifted easily and softly into sleep.

The next morning found them waking later than normal. Annie was on her elbow looking over the other two and out the window. She was idly fondling Bobbi's breast, then Jake's chest, not wanting to wake them, only wanting to stay in contact with them, to touch them, to remember last night. She knew with all certainty that this was the place she would disappear to, the place where she would find the happiness she long desired for her life. These two would give her that. She believed that with her whole being.

She moved out of bed and down to the kitchen, remaining naked. She felt a little risqué in doing it, but after last night it somehow felt like the only right thing to do. She was excited to be with them, to have shared themselves, each other so completely and uninhibitedly. She wanted to leave no question but that she wanted it continue. She got the coffee started then searched the refrigerator for breakfast. She pulled out the bowl of eggs, took out the chunk cheese, a pepper, onion. She chopped up the items and mixed them into the eggs. Then waited.

It wasn't long before she heard the others moving and talking to each other. She fired up the stove and prepared to scramble the egg mixture by the time she heard them in the short hallway. Then, instead of them being in the kitchen they seemed to disappear, then reappear coming back down the hall. They had come out of the bedroom pulling on T-shirts and shorts only to find Annie in the kitchen naked. They turned in unison, pulling off their few clothes and rejoining her in the kitchen. They came up to her on each side, careful not to startle her with the hot frying pan and eggs sizzling.

Jake poured coffee into mugs for everyone while Bobbi made some toast. They settled at the kitchen table, naked, and enjoyed their morning casually and comfortably. They were in no hurry to do anything else this morning. They all agreed that this morning felt like some sort of new beginning and they were all intent on enjoying the feeling. They spent their time talking, teasing, and laughing.

Then, Bobbi's radio unit crackled, alerting them to an incoming message. She stood and went to her service belt as the message came.

"Dispatch calling Deputy Mendoza. Bobbi are you there?"

Since they had secluded themselves at Jake's ranch, it had only been the Sheriff to contact her. She moved to the hook on the wall holding her service belt, looped it over her shoulder, and took the handset off while returning to the kitchen table to rejoin the others. "I'm here, Helen. What's up?"

"Bobbi, Sheriff Orland is going to be contacting you shortly. He is meeting with the State CID agent-in-charge of that case with Annie Tolley. He wanted you to be available for when they are done ..." In the background is the sound of a door opening and voices, "... he's coming now, hold on." They weren't normally so formal when communicating, it must be the State CID guys being in the office that had everyone stirred up. She thought it was a good time to be in the mountains and not in the office.

"Bobbi?"

"Yes, sir." She decided, though, that a little formality on her part might be prudent in case the State guys were also listening. No need to reinforce the 'country bumpkin' impression the guys in the big

cities usually had for their smaller cousins.

"We need to meet. They tracked down the phone calls generated from Annie's last effort with her husband. We have identified six guys in the chain including her husband. Most are located by a trace of the phone number to a name, except for one. And, it figures, it is that Andy Carson guy that Annie identified as the leader."

She looked around the kitchen table at Jake and Annie and shrugged. "What are you thinking Frank?"

"Can you guys come down to the office? We're thinking another brainstorming session. It would be really helpful if Annie's memory of that night has come back."

Annie shook her head at that but nodded to the meeting. "I'm not hopeful of the memory, but we can come down to meet. I assume right now? You know it's about 50 miles. It might be faster if I use lights and siren once on good roads. Is it worth it?"

"Do it. As soon as you can, come as you are. Working on a ranch is honest dirt." He chuckled, but the others around the table were stifling their own laughs.

Annie rose from the table, "I don't think 'come as you are' will work ..." Bobbi followed her to put some clothes on. All three of them ended up in jeans, T-shirt, and cowboy boots.

It was another first for Annie, to be in a Sheriff's cruiser with lights flashing and siren blaring. They made the trip in record time as far as Annie and Jake were concerned. As they came into Bisbee, Jake thought it interesting that the county seat was in a town that was far from the largest and in a town that was very south in the county, not nearly central. He would have to ask about how that was decided long ago. Maybe long ago, the proximity to Mexico seemed important.

They were directed into the conference room by Helen who multi-tasked as dispatcher, directing internal traffic, functioning as the Sheriff's executive assistant, and receptionist. Inside, they found the Sheriff, the Crime Scene woman, two detectives from Phoenix PD, and two agents from the State CID. While waiting on them, someone had gone out for a lunch to bring in. Bobbi and Annie were offered seats at the table, the last ones available, and Jake took a standing position behind them. Frank deferred to the State Agent-in-Charge, Dan Vogel. He was an imposing man of about 32 years old, dressed casually in crisp jeans, a white shirt open at the neck, and a black sport coat. Jake couldn't see his feet, but he would have bet he wore cowboy boots and that the coat was merely to conceal a gun holstered at the small of his back. There was a quiet confidence about him, a confidence that probably came from exposure to a wide variety of difficult and dangerous situations in the past.

The phone call Annie used on her husband had been effective in yielding critical information, as did prints from her car. Her husband had driven it to the gas station, but one of the other guys was also in the car. But, even with that, all they had was general information, nothing to tie anyone to a crime that could be leverage against each of them. They were afraid that if they moved and applied pressure on any of them to get someone to start talking that they would simply lawyer up and they would be left with nothing while they got their stories straight and reinforced each other. With the information they had, a judge would not issue a warrant for the search of any of the suspects homes or property. They were really hoping that Annie was remembering anything from that night to lead them to the place where the abuse and assault occurred, then hoping to find DNA evidence of her injuries. Once they had something, they felt they could start turning them against each other.

But, there still remained another problem. The Andy Carson guy they named through the phone call

traces wasn't definitive. It turned out that records showed five men named Andy Carson. They needed something to pin him down, but it might be that one of the others would give him up.

The room was quiet and all eyes were on Annie. She looked at Bobbi next to her and then turned to look up at Jake. She reached back and Jake took her hand for support. "But, I still don't remember anything from the point I was given that drink until I woke up in the hospital."

Bobbi patted her arm, "And, it is probably for the better, dear."

Vogel leaned forward with his hand open, "Then, this case might just evaporate. We just don't have anything. I'm not saying there is anyone in this room who is doubting you, we're not. But, none of it will hold up in a legal hearing."

Jake put his hands on Annie shoulders, "Then we do it again. It worked to flush out information ... do it again."

Vogel, "Hey, I agree that the husband is the weak link. He's the weakest, most vulnerable, the most insecure. But, the same thing won't work. It won't add to his fear and anxiety. He's been through it, it won't affect him the same way, again."

Jake walked to the window behind him and looked out, thinking. Vogel started on something and the Sheriff held up his hand. He had seen that look on Jake before. He waited and kept the rest of them quiet.

Jake turned back to the table, this time putting his hand on the shoulders of both Annie and Bobbi. "No, not the same thing. I agree, another phone call would be brushed off. No ... a meeting. Annie and Tommy. Alone. Someplace very public. Someplace close to where their home is where he would feel safe and comfortable. Annie, is there a big playground or park area near the house?"

"About four blocks away. It's a playground that adjoins a picnic area with trees, tables and benches."

Vogel, "Could work. We could have it covered. You'd have to assume he would call the others and might possibly try to make a play on her or something."

Jake shook his head, "Too many childless adults around could raise suspicion. Maybe from a distance. Put a mic on her and record the conversation. Bobbi and I could be nearby as just a couple in the park. She could be in civilian clothes and armed."

Annie agreed. She wanted this done. Besides, through all this she made a discovery about herself. As unsure of herself she was, she realized that Tommy was even more so. And it was decided that there was no time like the present to set it up, and the quicker it could be done, the better.

They set her up in the Sheriff's office with Jake and Bobbi. The rest remained in the conference room and would use the phone there on speaker and muted. Tommy picked up on the fourth ring.

"Tommy ... it's Annie."

"Annie, I'm surprised. But, I'm glad. You sound better."

"I am. Tommy, I ... I can't live this way, this wondering, all the questions I have. I still can't remember anything and it drives me crazy. I'm going to leave and start a new life somewhere. I have to get away and start something very different with new people and new reasons for getting up and being busy."

"Where will you be?"

She was quiet for only a moment, looked across the desk at Bobbi and Jake, "I have someplace in mind that is so different that I can forget all this. I'll be busy there, it's beautiful, peaceful, and challenging. But before I do go ... I want to see you one more time. We're still married and I guess that may not be changed when I just leave. If you could do me this favor, Tommy, to see me and just talk to me. I need to leave knowing that our entire life together wasn't a complete lie. Can you do that for me, Tommy?"

He was quiet for a moment. The office was on pins and needles waiting for a response from him. "Yes, we can do that."

"Oh, thank you, Tommy. I was thinking that playground/park near the house. It's very public and safe."

"When? Where are you, anyway?"

"I'm just on the other side of Tucson, but I could be up there late afternoon if that will work. Then I can leave."

"Say 4:30. One of the picnic tables just north of the playground."

"Thank you, Tommy ... Bye." She released a huge breath after disconnecting the line. Almost immediately the people from the conference room came cramming into the office. Everyone was excited.

Vogel, "If you can handle the face to face like you just did that, I think you can get something from him. What we need is an indication of where it occurred and who was there. Once we know where, then we can get the warrant. The judge won't let us go on a fishing trip, but a taped conversation will be admissible. Okay, what do we need?" He pointed at Annie, "we need you wired. We'll have a female technician waiting. I think inside your bra so it can't be seen." He looked at Bobbi, "You'll need a shirt to tie around your waist to cover the gun you'll carry. He can carry an extra magazine for you. Everyone will need comm-units. Annie will be the only one who won't know what we're saying. You two need to be close enough to snatch her, if necessary." He looked around and smiled. "This feels good. He has time to set something up, but not as much as if it was tomorrow and I assume some of those guys work. Follow me up to meet the tech."

Two miles from the park Jake pulled into a shopping market parking lot and let Annie take the wheel. When they were a block away, she pulled to the curb and let Bobbi and Jake out. They walked to the park as Annie slowly approached the park, then drove completely around the outside before pulling into the only parking lot by the playground. By that time, Bobbi and Jake were hand-in-hand walking past the playground from the side. He bent over and snatched up a yellow dandelion from the ground and handed to Bobbi with a flourish. She accepted it with grace and batting eyelashes, then they both erupted into laughter, drawing attention to themselves but as a silly couple in love enjoying the park. Tommy even looked over at them momentarily while watching the new vehicle approaching the parking lot. He quickly dismissed them as he spotted Annie getting out of the big pickup.

He watched her walk through the playground, then stop and scan the rest of the park. He was about to wave to her when he saw her start walking directly in his direction. He had a table under a tree that provided some protection from the sun and a degree of seclusion.

He looked at her closely and smiled. They bantered with small talk for about five minutes as Annie

seemed to need to warm up to the task at hand. Then he began probing her. That caught her and everyone else off guard, but she recovered. She said she had spent a number of days in the hospital. The doctors had hoped that rest and treatment for concussion would relieve her memory issue, but they relented that it may or may not ever return. She relayed that the woman who was caring for her suggested that maybe that would be better if it didn't come back. That seemed to cause a change in Tommy.

"What happened that night, Tommy? Why did you drug me?"

"The guys wanted to have some fun and you had been resistive lately. It was supposed to be just the same stuff."

"So you drugged me and carried me somewhere? That sounds like a lot of trouble."

"No, this was some combination of date drug and something, I forget. But, you didn't go out. You were awake and I thought maybe it didn't work but you did everything I said. You walked out of the house in your negligee - you never did that before ... into the car, and just stared out the windshield all the way to Andy's."

Through the comm-units everyone but Annie could hear Vogel say, "Got it, yes!"

But Annie kept going. "You took me to Andy's and that was where they did everything? But, why did you let them, if you thought it was going to just be fucking?"

"I'm really sorry, Annie. I really am. I messed up really, really bad. Yeah, when we got to Andy's, he took you from me, gave me \$50 and told me to get more beer. I'm such an idiot!"

"Why? What happened then?"

"When I came back I heard them in a back room, one of the bedrooms. It was equipped with all kinds of BDSM stuff. You were tied onto one of those 'X' crosses and ..."

"... and ..."

"... and they were caning you. You already had marks over your back and butt and thighs. Then they stopped and someone would fuck you, then they started up on the caning, again."

She was rubbing her wrists. "That must be how I got these. They figured I was bound. The skin was peeled off my wrists and ankles."

"Yeah, you were flailing around a lot."

"Damn it, Tommy!"

"I know."

"So, the doctors figured my concussion was at least a major part of my memory problem. How did that happen?"

Vogel came over the comm, "This girl is incredible! We'll have a full confession soon."

"Remember that time they wanted you to fuck that dog? Well, they figured you were ready. But, they didn't realize how weak you were. They untied your wrists and the guy holding you let go ... your head bounced off the floor. It sounded awful. I freaked out and rushed to you. I know, too little, too

late. But, Annie, I couldn't find a pulse! I freaked some more and someone pulled me into another room. When I calmed down some, I went back but you were gone. Andy and someone took you. I was told they were taking care of it. I thought they meant they were taking you to the hospital. Someone gave me a pill and I took it. It knocked me out. It wasn't until the next day that I learned the truth."

They looked at each other. Tommy had tears running down his cheeks. He glanced to some commotion by the playground, "Oh no, those guys." He grabbed her hand and led her the other way, deeper into the park.

But, as they passed that couple in love, they sprang up. Jake pointed Bobbi at them, "Stay with them."

Bobbi turned to catch up to them, looked back to see Jake maneuvering around a tree. She turned her attention back to Annie, pulled her gun and told Tommy to stop. He froze, gazing at the gun, then Annie. "Who are they?"

"Friends. They're the ones who have been caring for me."

Bobbi got him on the ground and put a knee into his back. They heard a commotion and saw Jake coming from the tree, his arms out wide, catching both of the men and driving them to the ground. Annie put both of her knees on Tommy's back and told Bobbi to help Jake. As Bobbi sprinted, she saw Jake roll and come up in a crouch. One the guys was more dazed than the other. Jake focused on the other one who was just getting his feet under him. Jake hit him with a spearing collision like he was a pro linebacker and drove him into the tree, the air coming out of his lungs. Bobbi was close but slowed so she could watch the next thing. Jake casually walked up to the other guy who was now on hands and knees. He stepped into him and kicked up, catching his chin with his cowboy boots, sending him limply to the ground. He was walking to the other guy who was making the mistake of getting to his knees. Bobbi touched Jake's arm. She simply smiled at him, turned and delivered a duplicate blow to that guy.

"I've been waiting to do something like that to an asshole for years ..."

He looked at her and started laughing. He hugged her, "And delivered like a pro."

After Tommy and the other two guys were taken away, Vogel was still pushing on the Andy Carson guy. "We have Carson as the leader. It all went down at his place. If we had it, there would be plenty of DNA, blood, drug remnants ... we need that address."

Jake had his arms around the waist of the women. He thought about comments this time and before. "Wait ..." He turned to Annie. "You don't remember that night, but you were at his house before for other parties, just not in that room. You said that before."

"Yes, I was. But, I don't know where it is. I'm awful at remembering where I am unless I actually drive it."

"But, you would remember what the place looked like."

"Sure."

They needed the addresses, a computer and Google Earth. Vogel got on his phone and talked to the DA, they would have the address in moments ... get the judge ready to sign the warrant. Annie had it identified on the third address. The call was made for the warrant and he called for the team to assemble for serving it and search the house and property. Once done, he walked to the picnic table

where Annie, Bobbi, and Jake were sitting with bottles of water.

“Want to join us? It’s probably against protocol, but it might provide some closure.”

Annie looked at Bobbi and Jake. Jake shrugged and suggested Bobbi’s council on that one. Bobbi said she would, if it was her.

They followed Vogel’s car. They arrived just as Carson was walking to the garage. His red truck was on the street. Inside, the crime scene people got busy in the BDSM room. Blood was found on the cross, on two canes in the room, and a spot on the floor. It would need to be tested, but it was all leading to a strong case. Vogel was sure it would lead to the others crawling over themselves to save some portion of their hide by turning on each other. There was one part still missing ... the burial. Vogel turned to someone, “Did anyone check the garage?”

Nobody had. An officer returned almost immediately, “There a rough looking jeep in there. Pretty dirty, too.”

Vogel smiled and talked to the forensic people, “Get samples off it, the tires, underneath, and match it to the soil at the burial site.” As they were moving to it, he yelled after them, “Check it for blood, too. That was a nasty head wound ...”

Vogel was right. For Annie, it was a form of closure for her. With any luck, it would be the beginning of the end. With any luck, there would be no need for a trial and testimony. That’s what they all hoped. Then, it really would be a closure.

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## **CHAPTER SIX**

It was only days later that their life took another turn. This time, though, it wasn’t without its own rewards and opened their horizons to new possibilities.

Jake was still the most active around the ranch, often off somewhere tending to one thing or another. The women were still settling into the life. Bobbi had a major consideration about her future and Jake encouraged her not to make any decisions too quickly. She was feeling like a home-body with Jake and Annie at the ranch. Life was comfortable, peaceful, and rewarding. She was seriously questioning if she wanted to continue being a deputy for the county. It had been something she found great reward in over the years and that was what concerned Jake. They agreed to give some time and to take a vacation of sorts, which Frank Orland was understanding about. He recognized the connection with Annie and saw that they wanted time to sort out what would happen since her protection was no longer the bond holding them together. Little did he know that the bond that actually existed was much stronger and real than the task of keeping her safe.

Annie, as far as she was concerned, was being true to what she told Tommy. She said she was leaving for someplace so different that she could forget everything, some place where she would be busy, where it’s beautiful, peaceful, and challenging. She wasn’t BS-ing at the time, she had been thinking of this place, Jake’s place. This is, was, will be the place she would want to be. She wanted to share this beauty and peace and safety with Bobbi and Jake. She had little to think about ... she already had.

Jake wanted it all. He wanted them there with him. He changed his plans from being a three year commitment to the property to on-going. This was the place for him and his energized attention to the property and animals reflected that decision. He put more of himself into it, taking care of things

that he might have gotten away with not doing if he was leaving in half a year. He knew Annie was decided and settled. Annie's problem was knowing how to be a productive part of ranch life, but he didn't question her desire and knew that the city girl would dissolve as the country girl came out. His real concern or attention was on Bobbi. He didn't want her to quit her job too casually. He knew that there was no financial consideration involved. His concern was her self-worth and purpose, so he put her off to think and wait. If she persisted, he might suggest scaling back her hours in response to a compromise, giving her more time to make a lasting decision.

When Jake had been on the mountain by himself, he essentially withdrew from life, became a hermit of sorts. Periodically, he went into Willcox to check his post office box and to log-on to the internet at the public library to check his Yahoo email account. He got few messages at either, his only important documents coming from the government or his financial advisor. He had no use for a phone of any kind. Any communication would come by electronic or paper mail.

Now, though, with two more people, he wondered about that kind of isolation. He had frequently stopped at Sunizona's lone store of note. Sunizona was the closest town to his turnoff. A town of 281 people, and he had no idea where all those people were, they weren't evident by looking at the place. But, it was on the intersection with the road running other places. It was a gas station, convenience store, and odd-jobs-central, as the proprietor, Kaye, would call it. They had two pumps outside to choose from. They had a selection of miscellaneous items inside including a couple brands of beer, but you had to know about the beer because they didn't have a liquor license. When Bobbi starting stopping in with him more, it caused some nerves but Bobbi did the 'no see, no hear' by covering her eyes and ears. It drew a sigh of relief and appreciation from Kaye.

Jake had made it a point, since Bobbi and Annie were staying with him, to make an effort to be visible there. He started buying all his gas there and making some purchases. Hanging around was how he discovered that her husband was a local handyman. Jake was standing at the wall when a car stopped for some drinks and hung out for a few minutes before going back to the car and leaving.

"You know, Kaye, you should have a couple little tables and chairs in here. I think those people might have stayed rather than having to go back to the car. If they had stayed inside, you might have made sales for some snacks or microwave pizza."

She hadn't said anything, but the next time he was in the store there were tables and chairs and some people were using them and eating snacks. She smiled at him. She was a nice woman, but someone who had lived in a small town (really small town) all her life and struggled to make ends meet the entire time. She was in her early 50's, on the heavy side, gigantic breast and an ass to match, greying hair that was usually in a bun at the back top of her head. Her husband, Matt, looked the same ... without the breasts and bun. In the end, they were good people and it was good to feel some of those kinds of relationships being formed.

Bobbi ended up negotiating a reduced work schedule with the County. Frank could see the direction in Bobbi's change and was worried he might lose her entirely. He knew that her dedication to the law and resolving criminal conduct was a direct link to an obsessive reaction to helping other women in abusive, assault, and rape situations. Her reaction to her rape and assault drove her from her family and the life she envisioned and gave her a single-minded focus to law enforcement. Annie and Jake changed all that. Helping Annie through her physical, mental, and emotional issues gave her the courage and motivation to open herself up to others. It turned out that helping Annie was the best form of help she could receive herself.

Jake, though, was the ground shifting difference for her. Annie was the instrument of providing the laser focus to dissect her own issues. As she had encouraged Annie to look forward and beyond the

hurt of her condition, not to allow it to control her and shape her, she couldn't avoid the reality that she was encourage her to do something that she herself hadn't had the courage to do herself. Jake was the one who provided the bond between them all, giving both women strength, safety, and empowerment through his unselfish attention and concern. He showed her through his open way of living that turning her back on all men was turning her back on the world and isolating herself, restricting her life within boundaries she didn't like.

Frank knew that he was within a breath of losing her as a deputy. He also suspected that when she came in to negotiate a change in her assignment that he had Jake to thank for that. They worked out a half-time arrangement in which she would patrol Monday through Wednesday one week and Tuesday/Wednesday the next week. He also managed to negotiate getting Jake to agree to a volunteer deputy classification. He had appreciated the way Jake handled himself in the situation in the park and the way he thought through problems. He anticipated only having to call on him in overload situations, assisting Bobbi, or brainstorming. For Jake, it gave him the ability to legally carry a weapon, if necessary. Jake's only interest in that was in the support of Bobbi, obviously.

As a part of the arrangement, Frank reconfigured the patrolling assignments to center Bobbi around the ranch. He also provided a table top radio unit for them, one that could record messages for when they were away from the house on days off. It turned into a good arrangement for everyone.

In short order, Bobbi had gotten out of the lease on her apartment in Bisbee and moved what she had to the ranch, including her jeep. Following her back from Bisbee, alone in the truck loaded down with her stuff, the two women riding together, Jake was amused by what he saw on the back of the jeep. The spare wheel was encased in a cover that was centered with a picture of Betty Boop. Around the picture was, "Girls like toys, too." On the back bumper was a bold sticker that announced, "Silly boys ... Jeeps are for girls!" No surprise to him, the woman had attitude. Looking through the back of the jeep at the two women turning to each other, hands and arms moving as they talked, he smiled at the what he was getting into. One was strong physically and emotionally with attitude to spare, if it got away from her; the other was weaker both physically and emotionally, more compliant, especially in conflict situations.

A tension arose, though, once Bobbi was moved in for real. Only because Annie wasn't. She lived there and didn't have anything else of hers to show it being her home, unlike was true for Bobbi. But, it did reinforce that the State had yet to release the house and all her belongings. That turned out to be a bureaucratic oversight, though. Another thing that was put behind them.

As they settled fully into the life they were creating, two minor things happened in the attitudes of the women. Neither were encouraged or promoted by Jake, but both were appreciated by him. The first was that the women started being more free about nudity, not just at night or early morning, but further into the day. Jake would find them naked in the barn and around the barn while feeding the hogs and chickens, cleaning out the barn, and searching for eggs left in the hay on the floor. The second thing was finding them both clean shaven. He wasn't quite sure how to question them about the why, but his eyes moving down to the parts between their legs initiated the explanation.

Bobbi blushed, despite moving around the house and yard naked more frequently, "It was remembering that Annie used to shave. I never thought about it, but one of us commented on the fact that when you are eating our pussies that you sometimes stop and pick hairs out of your mouth. It seemed ... I thought ... we agreed that it might be ... we enjoy your mouth on us so much, well, we thought it would be nicer for you this way." Jake agreed and said he never thought about it, but was looking forward to now trying it out tonight. They both smiled and gave him a kiss. He rather liked being hugged during the day by naked women, his hands on their skin. It certainly kept him hungry for their affection.

So, it wasn't unusual for Jake to look up from his work and find two naked women in view. He was in the barn with the three horses in stalls. He was checking and replacing their shoes, if necessary. He was finishing up on the last horse, the stallion. The other two were mares. Bobbi indicated that she wanted to get her stallion from her parents, but they needed a trailer, first. He was bent over the right rear hoof of the horse. The hoof was held between legs as he inspected it. He was far from being qualified to shoe a horse himself, but he had picked up enough to do a periodic inspection.

As he dropped the hoof, he saw Bobbi and Annie standing to the side with two of the dogs alongside them. Even if he was used to seeing them naked like this, there was something different about their position and the way they stood. He looked closer and saw that they were standing, hands fidgeting at their sides, and their eyes not making direct contact with his. The dogs, too, seemed different. They had taken to the women quickly, but this seemed to indicate a sudden higher level of attention to the women. One of them gave Bobbi a couple of licks to her thigh and she swished her hand to move it away with an increased sense of ... something ... nervousness, timidity, embarrassment.

He straightened up, patted the horses flank as he stepped out of the stall, putting the file and pick down that he had used to clean the hoof and shoe. "What?"

They looked nervously at each other. Something was bothering them, yet something was making them bring it to his attention. It seemed almost funny to him that they stood before them, their hands fidgeting at their sides, their feet making small shuffle movements, their eyes cast down at the floor of the barn. But, they stood before him naked. Then the light inside changed as the third dog nudged the door open on the other side of the barn, bringing light in from both doors, now. The dog trotted up to Jake seeking a pet, which momentarily diverted his attention, but when he looked up a breeze from one side to the other finished opening the door the dog had come through and with the increased light he saw the women's bodies with more clarity. They were flushed, he would say aroused based on the firmness of their nipples and the color across their upper chests and cheeks. Now he was really curious and the longer it took for them to tell him, the more curious he became. He wouldn't have been the least bit surprised to know that they had pleased themselves inside or under the shade of a tree. He had guessed that Annie was very sexual from her past experience and he had certainly felt Bobbi's sexuality. Once they had been with each other, they considered sex in their relationship to be open and free among them. But, that couldn't be what this was about. No, this was something different, something new that they were unsure about.

"Somebody say it ... what is this about?"

Bobbi stepped forward. She had adopted a kind of 'big sister' role with Annie. Being the older one and stronger in almost every way, she took it upon herself to be that and Annie seemed to enjoy that subtle emotional piece to their relationship.

"Jake, dear, lover, partner ... sweet, sweet man ..."

"Oh, for crying out loud ..."

"We have a confession. Open and honest in our relationship, right? That's what we all agreed ..."

"We did, yes ... what awful, terrible, unforgivable thing did you do?" He cracked a smile at the end of his tease.

"I ... we ... we were making love under the tree in back ..."

"Oh, NO!" His smile was big now. "How could you? In the middle of the day? Outside?"

She got an exasperated look on her face. Then, she realized what he had done. He already had trust in their relationship that he felt no impending threat to it. So, she took a deep breath and just then, Annie step up alongside her and took her hand. She continued.

"As Bobbi was trying to say ... we were making love and we did." She looked slightly up at Bobbi with a sweet smile that Jake loved to see them give each other. He couldn't help sometimes to wonder what their love must feel like; a shared feminine response for him, but a feminine response to each other that he couldn't provide. "And, it was good." She turned back quickly to Jake, "But ... when we were resting, recovering really ... you know how we are ... anyway, we were on our backs, holding hands, smiling and giggling. We started planning what we might do to you later, when ..."

"Wait ... planning? You mean to say you two manipulate me into your games?"

"Jake! I am trying to say something here! Where was I?"

Bobbi mumbled, "giggling, when ..."

"Right ... when ... when these two dogs came up and sniffed us."

"Sniffed you ..."

"Our pussies, Jake, okay? Our pussies! ... they came up between our legs, which were spread, and sniffed our pussies. We were curious and ... we didn't move or shoo them away. So ... one thing led to another, then another ... they ended up licking us ... there."

Jake wasn't sure what they expected from him and he wasn't sure what they expected to be his response, but he knew immediately what his response was. He felt it growing. They didn't seem too bothered by it except that maybe he might react somehow. If it was good for them, it was turning him on.

So, he probed, "So they licked you a couple times ..."

"No ... a lot, they licked us a lot and it really felt good and ... we each orgasmed. We don't want you to be mad, Jake. It just happened. It won't happen ever again, promise. But, neither one of us ever wants to hide anything from you or from each other. Okay? We'll understand if it's disgusting or gross to you ..."

He moved toward them, his arms out wide, the smile on his face just as wide. They seemed to collapse in relief into his arms, each with their face on his shoulder, his arms on their bare backs. He stroked up and down, cupping their butt cheeks, then sliding back up. "You experienced orgasms in two separate sexual encounters. The first was when you shared your love for each other. The second was when the dogs sexually stimulated you. One was an act of love; the other was an act of sex. Even with us, sometimes our sex is an expression of our love and sometimes it is more an expression of our need for sexual release. Love making and fucking are two sides of the same activity. You enjoyed the dog's pleasuring you, right?"

They pulled back their heads in unison and nodded up at him without checking the other.

"Good. You're having sex with each other doesn't impact your love or interest in having sex with me. If you find pleasure in sex with an animal, why should that impact my feeling of your love for me or your interest in sex with me? Is there a reason for me to be concerned?"

They both kissed him on the cheek and he felt two hands on his crotch. "None what's so ever."

They walked back to the house where they sat at the kitchen table, a good breeze moving through the room. Annie set a glass of water down for each. She looked up at Jake, "You said 'animal', not 'dog'."

He smiled. His smile caused both of them to look at each other. "I did and purposely. I am not telling you to consider anything more. I am not expressing any desire on my part for you. All I am suggesting, and you make your own decisions, is that what happens here is strictly between us. As I said, sex can be an expression of love or a means to achieve pleasure. We have used sex amongst us in both ways. As long as it is in a pleasurable way, the form of sexual acts is open to imagination."

Both women looked at him, each other, back to Jake ... and blushed deeply. Jake knew that their minds had connected to the implications.

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They had been enjoying a very rare day for the desert. Very often when it rains it comes in torrents, flooding everything and running off the hills and mountains in rivulets, filling ravines and riverbeds. This one was slow and gentle, lasting all afternoon with overcast skies, the moisture seeping deeper into the ground, and providing a cooler, refreshing air.

They spent the afternoon in the bedroom, the kitchen, what they called the family room, and the front porch. They shifted from room to room, place to place, making love and fucking wherever they went. They found themselves on the porch floor on the top step, their legs stretched out down the steps, the rain falling on their legs and lower bodies. The overcast and rainy day was actually cool once they were wet, as unusual as that might have seemed. Maybe because it was so unusual, it was wonderfully refreshing and invigorating. But, Jake knew he was about done. He would need some serious time to recover if he might possibly be able to do any more fucking. He had cum three times over the afternoon and had also worked diligently with his fingers and mouth throughout the afternoon. He would have thought the women would be just as relieved for some quiet time, but they were again pressing into him, teasing him by rubbing their breasts into his arms, kissing his shoulders and neck, turning his face one way for kisses, then the other way as they were playfully competing for his mouth and attention. He, however, was feeling a peculiar kind of painful reaction to having been hard so long, so much, and cumming so often. He wouldn't have called it 'pain' really, but more ... he didn't really know what he would call it. He lay himself flat on the floor ... peculiar musings for a man with two naked women seeking even more from him.

He heard a whimpering off to the side. Both women were sitting up while he was laying back on the floor. He turned his head toward the sound and found the three dogs standing in the open barn door. They appeared antsy to be with them but weren't keen on getting wet. How odd, they are so used to the hot, dry environment that wet and cool presents an issue for them.

He put his fingers on the bare backs of the women and tickled down, causing both to arch their backs in response. They turned to him at the end, both ganging up on him with tickles of their own. By the time he managed to sit up and descending down a couple steps into the rain to escape, they are all laughing and breathing hard. He looked at them and they at him. Their legs are askew, he could still see the after effects of their prior love making, especially Bobbi whose pussy was more open at the moment with her legs more widely splayed. The women, of course, got a similar view of him. Standing in the light rain, water running off his body, flowing down his chest, stomach, with some dripping, drop by drop, off his soft penis. They were each looking at the other with renewed energy and interest and even Jake was feeling renewal in his body.

He looked back to the barn, though. His mind was working on something else, something he said he

would never push on them. He could do it without pushing, though; the right words, the right encouragement, the interest of his own.

Still looking at the barn door and the dogs prancing just out of the rain, "Have you done anything else with the dogs?"

They might have seemed momentarily confused by where that question was coming from, but Jake was not watching them. They followed his eyes to the side and saw the dogs just inside the barn door. Bobbi hugged Annie and whispered to her, causing both to giggle. They both stood, stepped down to Jake's level on the ground and into the rain. They pressed into him, the bare skin of bodies coming together.

They took his hands and walked across what was now a muddy yard separating the house from the barn and other buildings. "No, we haven't." They didn't say any more than that, except to continue walking and giggling. Jake knew he was about to experience something he never anticipated before these two.

Once inside the barn, out of the rain, Bobbi looked around the inside of the barn as Annie and Jake bent over to pet the dogs. Bobbi moved over to some stacked hay bales and sat down, spreading her legs wide, slapping her thigh, and calling out to no particular dog. As a result, they all looked to her. One started moving tentatively toward her, followed not only by the other dogs but also, Annie and Jake. Jake stopped a few steps short as Annie took her place alongside Bobbi, spreading her legs just as wide, then lifting her left leg and draping it over Bobbi's right leg. Annie looked up at Jake as one of the dogs approached her. She smiled shyly at him, then leaned back.

Jake watched, mesmerized, as the women let themselves go for these dogs, showing no sign of the fatigue that he felt. The long tongues lapped over the entire length of their slits, over and over. He moved closer and peeked at Annie's well work pussy. The tongue pulled her lips, dragging over her clit in the process. Her mouth was open and a steady stream of sighs, moans, and groans were escaping. It was then that her realized the Bobbi was in the same state of abandoned release to whatever the dog did. Over and over the dogs licked. He saw several times when the tongue disappeared inside one of the women bringing gasps of pleasure from them. He continued to watch as the women began turning their heads side to side, lifting them and dropping them back down, arching their backs, rotating their hips. He saw that they were getting close. Bobbi had often said how much she enjoyed him using his mouth on her pussy, but if he was good, he didn't believe he could compete with what was being experienced from these dogs. Their lapping was endless!

He saw them cum, heard them climax, and still the dogs continued. He wondered if he should intervene, but he allowed it to continue. Finally, not being able to take any more, the women rolled to their sides, closing their legs from the dogs.

He wasn't even aware of it, but he was stroking his own cock. It was raging hard.

Both women slowly calmed and sat back up, looked at each other and hugged, big smiles on their faces.

"My god ... that was amazing ... did it feel as good as it looked like it did?"

Annie got up, pushed him onto a bale of hay, sat down on his lap and kissed him deeply. He was going to have to wait for a response, but he was far from concerned about the wait. When she came up for air, she looked into his eyes, kissed him again, then answered. "I can imagine what it might look like from when I have looked over at Bobbi, but for me ... for me it is much better than it could possibly look." She kissed him deeply again, moving her butt against his hard cock. "But, you ... you

are still my man and my primary male lover ... and you always will be."

He looked up and saw Bobbi standing behind her, her hands on the woman's shoulders. She smiled at him and squeezed Annie's shoulders. "But, now we have a decision to make, young lady. We still have two males." Annie laughed.

"I think I might have one more orgasm inside me." Jake shook his head. These women were insatiable. He wasn't even going to try to imagine what might be ahead for them.

They worked it out without his input. Not that he had much to contribute. They decided that Jake would fuck Annie, since he had already fucked Bobbi twice that afternoon and Annie once. Bobbi would 'endure' another licking from the third dog.

That night, the women fell into deep and instant sleep. Jake lay with them, listening to their soft breathing and watching their breast rise and fall in the moonlight. But, he wasn't sleeping. He got up, got a large glass of water and took it out onto the porch. He retook a seat on the top step and looked up into the sky. The rain had past early in the evening and the world was crisp and clean. The sky was crystal clear. It usually was with virtually no stray light to interfere, but this night seemed especially so and he considered that the rain had clean the air of dust in the process. The stars were like he might never had seen them, the moon bright like it was standing guard over their world.

He heard some rustling below the grounds and across the valley. Maybe a searching coyote. He used to fret over the chickens because of those guys, but the dogs used the barn. They weren't house dogs. The three of them appeared to be sufficient to ward off any predators. At least he never found evidence of a killing.

His mind wandered like that from one thing to another. He wondered about Annie's case. Actually, not Annie's case anymore but the case against the six men. The DA in Phoenix had indicated that they were getting confessions from some and information about each of them from the others. He expected that all the men would plead out and do jail time. That would open the door for Annie to close the property and file for a divorce that would be expedited under the circumstances.

His mind wandered back to the women, to tasks and chores needed around the property, and back again to the women. And another thought jumped out at him. They so thoroughly enjoyed being licked by the dogs ... he wondered if they had ever considered going to what might be considered to be the next step. Wouldn't that be something. But, those other guys had tried to get Annie to fuck a dog and she had rebelled. Maybe that should be something to leave alone. He mused on that ... it wasn't a decision to be made by him; he rejoined the women in bed.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Jake was by the shed that stored the ATV's and smaller equipment. He had both of the ATV's outside with the front ends propped up. He was draining oil out of one and refilling the other. He was holding the oil steady over the oil input, gazing over at a space between the two sheds. They had a lot of vehicles all of the sudden. He knew how damaging the hot desert sun was on paint whether on vehicles or buildings. One of his many projects, now that he was staying on the ranch, was to repaint the barn, sheds, and house. He didn't want to have to worry about the vehicles, though. Having them inside would be a huge advantage. He was trying to decide what sort of building to use. He was leaning toward a corrugated roof pole barn. Once he had the support poles and beams in place, he figured they could accomplish the rest. He'd have to talk to Kaye's husband, Matt, the handyman. Maybe he knew of someone with the equipment. Besides, he'd like to help them somehow and giving

Matt a project would put some money in their pockets.

He was idly contemplating those issues, thankful that lately those were the big issues. Then, Annie broke in with an urgent yell from the front porch. He couldn't see her and she couldn't see him, but he certainly heard her. None the less, she was rounding the corner of the house as he threw the empty can into the waste box. She was naked and barefoot. She was wincing as she stepped on a rock wrong, then hopped on one foot. He smiled in spite of feeling sorry for her. Bobbi's breast moved so much more than Annie's while just walking. It took an exaggerated movement like this to make her's bounce.

He wiped his hands on a cloth as she approached. "Bobbi just radioed. It's nice that you have a radio now in your 'official volunteer' capacity." She held up her fingers in the quote signal.

"You're teasing me, aren't you."

"Yes ... But Bobbie did just radio. She's on the way and wants you to have the horses ready. She said we need to go over the ridge. The Sheriff wants something checked out." She shrugged and looked at him. "She said she'll explain once we're on our way."

"Are you up for a ride like that?"

"Yeah! Bobbi has been spending time with me, showing me and instructing me. And, I've been practicing. Bobbi's even had me doing some bareback riding; she says that improves the balance on the horse, helps to feel what the horse is doing. Makes you a better rider in the end."

He threw the cloth on the ATV he still had to finish, put his arm around her and walked her back to the house. "I've noticed how hard you are working on it and how good you are getting in such a short time." He squeezed her into his side, "Not to mention how you work around here. I know it's a big change for you. Any regrets?"

She stopped and put her hands flat on his chest and looked up at him. "Never! And I never will."

He smiled and gave her a hug, then turned her around at the steps and smacked her butt. "Put on jeans, boots and, I suppose, a shirt." She smiled over her shoulder. "Annie, could you bring my gun belt, too?"

He moved quickly to the corral through the barn. An interesting request ... over the ridge. That can only mean to 'the site'. There must have been a new development in the case. It had been so quiet lately that he had hoped it meant that Annie was away from it. He'd wait until Bobbi arrived before speculating, though.

Bobbi must have been close when she radioed because he heard the cruiser rolling in as he was throwing the third saddle onto the horse. He heard the door to the house open and close and heard the women talking. When they came through the barn to him, he saw that Bobbi must have gone in to change her uniform shoes for her cowboy boots. She was still in uniform but was now wearing her cowboy hat, too. Annie handed him his hat and gun belt after he finished cinching the last horse, then led his out the gate and waited for the women to follow before closing the gate on an empty corral. He wasn't sure why he always did that except to force the habit to keep gates closed. Most important when there were animals inside.

As they headed up to the ridge, Bobbi explained. There had indeed been a development in the case. In the questioning, gathering statements, turning one on the other, they uncovered a comment about other graves. One of the other guys confirmed it, but the other three, including Carson, denied it.

The detail provided was enough to make it seem viable. The two who described it insisted that they weren't involved in any deaths but were along for the ride to get rid of the bodies. Their attorneys were trying to leverage the information for reduced sentencing. The CID guys and the DA wanted real confirmation and that was why they were going to the site. The authorities were concerned that if they went in again with a bunch of vehicles without confirmation they could end up stirring up the public. The statements indicated that the grave sites were marked with a vertical slat pounded into the ground. When questioned why it would be marked, they were told because they thought about going back later for skulls. That all seemed overly gruesome.

Annie suddenly stopped her horse. They stopped and turned to her. Tears were running down her face. You could see it in her eyes that she realized that she could have been a souvenir, too. Then, just as suddenly, she wiped her eyes with the backs of her hands, firmed her face with determination, and rode the horse between them still going up the to the ridge.

They could easily identify the location of Annie's 'grave'. There were still crime markers around the area. Bobbi was focused on the site, but Jake kept a partial on how Annie was handling it. She had never been here since he had taken her out. They rode the horses around the area carefully with an eye for the stakes that they hoped would appear out of place when specifically looking for them. Bobbi raised her hand and pointed about ten feet ahead of her. Seeing it now, it seemed so obvious but they had already ridden around it. She dismounted and handed the reins of her horse to Annie. She followed Jake to a nearby tree and they tied up the horses, then rejoined Bobbi.

She was on the radio to the Sheriff. He informed her that he wanted her to hold the site, he had the crime scene people already moving. They should be there in the hour. While they waited, they stepped around the area and found two more stakes. They marked them to make them even more obvious.

When the crime scene people arrived in jeeps, they had equipment that worked like sonar and could identify a distinct change in mass and density below the ground. The three spots they had marked all turned out to be graves. They were all fairly shallow and were easily uncovered. They were in various stages of decomposition but they were all female. The Sheriff arrived. After reviewing what was found, he approached Jake and Annie.

"I guess it wasn't a random decision on their part to come out here with Annie. This was a place they had used before. They will have to perform tests, but the women should be able to be identified against those missing. The current theory is that these are about 6 months to a year old. Probably prostitutes. There was DNA on some of the BDSM equipment that wasn't Annie's. If there is a match ... well, we'll have them for murder, too."

By the time they were back in the corral, they were just beating the failing light. They shared the chore of brushing down the horses and putting away the equipment. Then, Jake took Annie to the couch while Bobbi opened a bottle of wine. They had Annie between them. They quietly sipped wine and hugged the woman. There was very little talking, but Annie felt their love and caring just in their quiet presence.

The case involving Annie's abuse, assault and attempted murder became overshadowed by the discovery of the other bodies, and their being tied to the same men. The DA had rock solid evidence on the charges surrounding Annie. They were also assembling good forensic and circumstantial evidence against several of the guys in the abuse, assault, torture, imprisonment, and death of the other women found. Those charges carried far heavier sentences and the authorities shifted their

attention to incorporating as many of those charges to as many of the guys as possible. As time went on, they employed the same tactic on them with the evidence they had, manipulating them and their Public Defender attorneys to turn on each other. With murder charges now hanging over them, the ones not actively responsible for the deaths became eager to give information in exchange for consideration. Any involvement that ends up with the death of someone can be used to charge with at least accessory to murder, carrying severe sentencing. All the men were looking to be charged with multiple charges of multiple victims, including the ones in Annie's case. It was only a matter of time, according to the authorities, until they would all rolled over, looking for any kind of plea agreement they could find to minimize their inevitable sentencing lengths.

What was able to be resolved quickly, though, was the case against Tommy Tolley, her husband. All the evidence showed that he had absolutely no involvement or awareness of the deaths of the other women. His crimes were solely in the case of Annie. The assembly of evidence and statements from the other guys also showed that Tommy was, for the most part, manipulated into each successive level of the crimes related to Annie. His crimes were a succession of failed opportunities to do the right thing when he had the chance, even if it would have been to some risk to himself. He failed to protect her by continuing to manipulate her into increasingly aggressive and abusive sexual encounters as the other men demanded of him; he failed to come to her aid when he returned with the beer and found her bound to the cross and being caned by several men; he failed again when she was repeatedly sexually abused; and he failed to go to authorities when she was taken away and not to aid at a hospital. He was, however, guilty of administering a harmful and compromising drug that he understood would leave her helpless and unable to assert her will. And, in such a state, he delivered her to a group of men who he knew had intentions of using her for their sexual and fantasy thrills.

As it unfolded, he refused to seek a defense. He did not try to plea down on the charges. He did not try to offer an excuse, much less any justification. His Public Defender continued to try on his behalf, but he ended up narrowing his pleas for psychological shortcomings and a plea for therapy and treatment. In the end, he pled guilty and left it up to his attorney if his statements and willingness to testify could bring any leniency.

The DA came to the same conclusion that Annie did; she only realized it too late to help her. Tommy was too weak and too needy of male acceptance and belonging to do what was right. It might even be that he wasn't really a bad man, just not strong enough to be a good man. His sentencing hearing was scheduled and Annie was requested to attend. Bobbi and Jake made the trip up to Phoenix with her to give her support.

They were surprised that the State CID Agent, Dan Vogel, was waiting by the courtroom door on the second floor of the State Courthouse.

"Hi, Annie, how are you doing? I want you to know this is merely a formality of the sentencing proceedings. As part his pleading guilty to the judge, he will be required to give a statement of his involvement. If the judge isn't happy with his ability to take responsibility, the agreement will be thrown out. Also, as part of it, he is required to make a statement of apology to the victim, it is usually well constructed with the help of an attorney to get the facts and intention correct. That is the reason for you being here. Before the judge makes his final judgment for sentencing, the victim, you, has the opportunity to make a statement that might provide some bearing on the judge's final sentencing decision. You don't have to say anything, but he will give you the opportunity. Okay? Any questions?" Annie shook her head. "It's almost over, Annie. I don't think you will be required for anything with the others."

Just then, Dan noticed the courtroom guard open the door and motioned to them. He took the liberty

to hug her, "You've been great, Annie. A few more minutes, I promise." Jake shook hands and thanked him. Then he made all of them chuckle as they reached the door. "Listen Jake, thanks for all your input and help. The way you took care of those two in the park ... let me know if you want a job. I could use a really bad ass on the team." The guard put his finger to his lips and they became embarrassed. Not Vogel, though, he held the big smile going into the courtroom.

As Agent Vogel said, Tommy read a statement pertaining to his actions. It was well written and it was clear to Annie that it was not written entirely by Tommy, even if he had practiced it to make it seem more natural. Many of the words were not his, the references being too clinical and phrased with too much intellect for Tommy. But, it apparently was not a surprise to the judge and he was satisfied with the detail of his statement into the record.

Then, it was time for him to issue his apology and regret. He stood, his Public Defender slid another sheet of paper to him, which he took up and looked at for a moment too long. Finally, he bent down to the attorney, then when he stood up, he turned to the people in the audience. He looked over the heads, but ... then he saw Annie standing. His eyes filled with tears, tears he couldn't hold back. They streamed down his hollow cheeks.

Annie could see the tears; she could see his cheeks becoming wet. With no thought, she turned slightly to face him directly, "I'm here, Tommy."

"Annie ... Annie ... oh, God, Annie ..." His voice cracked and sobs were the only things coming out. He gasped for air, looked up at the ceiling, and returned to face her. "Annie ... my attorney has a very nice statement and if I have to, I'll read it, but ... Annie, I am so sorry. I ... I ... I don't know why I did those things. You were always, ALWAYS, the best person I have ever known. You were always loving. All you ever wanted was for us to be together. You were always so good, so loving ... why couldn't I have been? I am sorry. For everything. I should have been stronger for you, but I was weak. I should have protected you, but I allowed you to be abused and assaulted. I should have stayed with you that night, but I didn't. I let them take care of it. I thought they were taking you to the hospital ... I should have made sure you were. No! I should have inserted myself and taken you. I didn't ... You deserved so much more. I want you to find that love." At that moment Bobbi on one side and Jake on the other, reached up and squeezed her hands. "I'm going to pray every night that you find the love in your life that you deserve. I suspect you hate me with an intensity that you don't deserve to have to feel and I am sorry to cause that for you."

He sat down, the attorney's apology still in his hand. The judge shuffled some papers, then looked up. Annie was still standing. He looked at her. Tears were in her eyes, too. "Mrs. Tolley, are you okay?" She nodded. "At this point in the proceedings, I can give you the opportunity to make a statement. In a moment, I will be making my final decision regarding sentencing. Do you have anything that I should consider?"

"I don't know, Your Honor. But ... what I want to say is that I once loved Tommy. It could be said that we were both young and immature, but I loved him. Tommy ... so you know ... yes, there was a time since that night that I hated you. But, not now ... not for a while now. I have moved on. I have the love and support you talked about for me. I don't say that to be hurtful. I say that because I want you to not have to carry that, too. I can't say that I forgive you. That feels like it was all okay. It wasn't. I was buried in the ground ... I should have died, if not for ... Your Honor, what I want to say is, Tommy needs help. What I would like is to know that whatever happens to him after today, he gets that help. Thank you."

She had to leave after that, though. She didn't want to hear what would happen to him. They tried to leave as quietly as possible, but their leaving caused a stir. The judge only hesitated a moment, then

continued. Annie was out into the corridor before she could hear any more. She tried to appeal for Tommie, she didn't need the disappointment if the judge didn't agree.

Out in the marble floored corridor of the stately courthouse, Annie stopped. Jake walked up to her, turned her around and stepped into her, Bobbi duplicating the action, each of them with an arm around her, the other around each other. Annie cried. She stopped quickly, though. She snuffled, wiped her eyes, and gave an embarrassed smile. Jake had an idea, "How about we find a nice restaurant, have some drinks, a huge steak each, and spend the night in Phoenix." Annie was looking over the shoulder of Bobbi, people were beginning to come out of the courtroom, including a couple of reporters who had tried getting a reaction from her earlier. Jake realized what was happening, indicated to Bobbi to get Annie out, and he stayed to give a short and meaningless statement emphasizing how difficult this had been for Annie and how relieved she was to have this part of it over. She was looking forward to moving on with her life in a positive way. Then, he rejoined the women at the truck.

"So, restaurant or ..."

Annie said, "Thank you for the offer, but ... if it's okay with you, I'd prefer going home. Stopping for some wine, then make some popcorn, cuddling on the couch or bed, and just being together." She glanced at the two of them, "If you're looking to do something for me ... you two could make love to me."

They looked at each other with smiles, "Yeah, I think we can manage that."

Annie couldn't, however. A couple glasses of wine sitting on the couch between them and she was suddenly out, fast asleep, from the stress and tension of the day.

They were sitting around the kitchen table, reinforcing their system with strong, black coffee. They were all naked. That wasn't unusual. That seemed to have become the standard. They slept naked, lived parts of the day naked. They really enjoyed each other's bodies.

It was a patrol day for Bobbi. Jake hadn't shared with them what his plans for the day were, but they knew there was a long list of things needing attention. Bobbi had plans for Annie, though. She informed the younger woman that she wanted her to accompany her. That was unusual. Annie had never spent the day with Bobbi as she patrolled. Jake was suspicious, but he couldn't come up with a reason. It wasn't his birthday, either of theirs, it wasn't any kind of made up anniversary that he could come up with. But, he was sure Bobbi was up to something ...

Annie dressed in good jeans, a button-down blouse, even a bra and panties. She felt she should look presentable with Bobbi in her pressed uniform. Once past the gate, relocking it, and onto the county road, "I hope you don't mind, honey. I know I didn't give you much choice back there. There's something I want to do ... for both of us ... but really for you. It's about the dogs ... and us." She pulled out a sheet of yellow, ruled paper that she had torn from a notepad. "These are web searches. I found them but haven't had time to read them. I brought my laptop. Periodically, we'll be going through towns with Wi-Fi we can tap into."

She pointed to a backpack in back. At their first opportunity, she got the laptop, fired it up, and connected the Wi-Fi from a coffee shop across the street. Annie typed in the first search result and got a Wikipedia page on canine mating. Bobbi was watching her as they were parked at the curb. Annie opened another tab and typed in the next result and so forth until she had four pages opened. Each one was about dog anatomy or mating. Annie went back to the first one. She glanced over it,

then looked up at Bobbi.

"You're serious about this?"

Bobbi nodded. "What do you think? Are you game? I mean, the dogs have licked us to orgasm ... how many times? Seems just fair ..."

"Wow! Really? This is so cool!"

"Really? I was worried because ... before ... when they wanted ... well, you didn't want to."

"No ... no, this is different, this is us ... us wanting to do it. Before ... you know ..." Bobbi just nodded. Yes, she understood. She knew all about someone wanting to force her to do something.

Bobbi pulled into traffic and Annie asked, "So, do you have a route or what?"

"No, just kind of random. You don't want people to think they can predict when the police are coming around. Now, read, out loud. Dog cock is different than men."

Annie did. She read from Wikipedia. It wasn't referenced as 'Dog Cock' despite how they might talk, it was 'Canine penis'. There was a picture that caused Annie to stop. "Look at his picture! Look at it! Different than men ... no kidding." She read on. About the shape, the sheath, the knot. About tying or knotting, locking the male and female together. "Is that going to happen to us? I mean, a female dog's pussy has to be smaller, right?"

Bobbi chuckled. Annie was already talking about when they do it, not if. "I think we have to assume that it will so we aren't surprised."

Annie nodded as she skimmed the information on the next tab. Bobbi looked over to see why she was delaying, if maybe the information was more offensive or troubling, but Annie was staring out the front. "Bobbi, why did you say this was for both of us, but really for me? What did you mean by that?"

Bobbi looked at her concerned. Her intention wasn't to offend, but to support her with her needs. At least, her needs as she and Jake saw them. "I ... I meant no offense, dear. It's just that you need or want more sex. It seems to be an increasing desire as you have become comfortable with us, with the dogs, with our open and free arrangement. Have you thought about that, Annie?"

"Thought about it? About sex and enjoying it and wanting it? It's what we are ... open and sharing ... no embarrassment about our desires ..."

"That's right, absolutely right and how it was intended and how we do intend it. Our desire is that we are all free to be open to what we want to try, what we desire. We're all different, though, we have different needs and desires. It's not bad, it's just what it is."

Annie was quiet. "I have not thought about it. You both have made me a part of a wonderful thing. So ... you both think I'm a more sexual person?"

"It's not a bad thing, Annie. Not if it is understood. Think about your experiences. You and Tommy were very sexual, you said so. When it was just you two and a friend for fun three-some experiences, you guys had fun; you liked it. It went bad when it stopped being a fun experience and became a planned, forced event. You lost control. It wasn't based on fun experiences you had interest in but only focused on what others wanted from you." Bobbi watched her. She was nodding as she thought

about it. "Now, here you are. You are free to experience things that you want to experience and you can because we are all open to it. It feels natural to you, but that is the way we want to live and share life."

"So, what are you saying? What does all that mean if you were to just say what you think?"

Bobbi chuckled, "Well put. Fair enough. What we think is that if you accept it and released yourself, you would be even more sexual, that you would desire more and different ways to experience sex."

Annie was thinking again. She looked down at the laptop in her hands. She smiled and looked over to Bobbi. "What you're really saying is that I'm a slut, but your slut. Maybe you're right and 'slut' is a harsh term, but I like sex and I enjoy sex and I am looking for more of it. But, confined to us, it is just fun and okay because you guys enjoy it with me."

"I guess putting it bluntly, yes."

"And, the dogs are something you are also interested in, Jake is turned on by, and opens up more experiences and opportunities for me?"

"Maybe this was a bad way to approach it. Let's just forget it if we can ..."

"No. I'm not upset ... I'm curious ... interested in what you are thinking. You're making me think ... I did like the sex when it was Tommy and a friend and it was just us having a good time with some beers and relaxed. Even when there were two of his friends, but it was still relaxed and fun, laughing and teasing, and sex. Now ... you're naked around the place, but not like me. Jake is only in the morning or at night, late. You are sometimes, but me ... I'd be naked all the time, wouldn't I? Yes, I would. I'm naked as much as I can be. I like it, it feels erotic, sensual to feel the sun and breeze on my skin. I absolutely love to see the look in Jake's eyes as he sees me walking up to him outside naked. I can tell he would take me right there. I like the looks and touches you both give me. I like the dogs ... yea, the dogs ... they catch me on my hands and knees searching out eggs or cleaning the floor or something and I feel a tongue between my legs. Because I am naked." She looked outside quiet, again. Then, she looked back at Bobbi. "Okay, I can see what I've been doing ... am I awful?"

"No. Not in the least. Jake has an idea, if you are interested but we should have him included in this discussion. I think you'll like it if you open your horny, slutty-being up to experiencing what you can." She smiled at Annie and she returned it.

Annie read on. They stopped for lunch and the diner had Wi-Fi. Annie discretely loaded up the remaining search results. Annie wanted to talk about it but the surrounding other customers made it somewhat difficult. That wasn't to say that she didn't talk around it.

"You know that part where it said that the dog" she lowered her voice "wasn't typically hard at penetration, but became hard." She looked around. "Seems to me, it would be easier to make it hard, first."

They were back in the cruiser. Annie was animated, "I want to do this. Don't you? I mean, really ... don't you?"

Bobbi laughed. She had so much enthusiasm about everything. "So ... you think we should suck the dogs hard, then fuck them."

"Yeah, just like Jake. I bet it will be better. I know it. Remember that story we read, I read? The

woman was getting her ass humped, the dog was in, then out, walking around, both frustrated. I think we should treat their cocks like cocks we want to love, not just be fucked by. Get it hard, inside us, then fucked. Yeah ... that's what I think ..." Bobbi just smiled. But, she also saw her point and agreed. It was one thing to pretend being a dog bitch and let the male act the way he wanted, it was another to use the intellect humans have.

Bobbi had been quiet for some miles as Annie reviewed the pages. She looked up and asked about it.

Bobbi glanced at her, "There are three of them. How does that work?"

Annie gave her a lusty look, "Yes, but there is also Jake. You saw him with our being licked. He loves it. I guarantee it, Bobbi, Jake will be a willing and eager part of our play with the dogs."

That night, Annie confronted Jake about the conversation and the reading she and Bobbi had during the day. Jake was nervous, but Bobbi held up her hand and smiled to indicate to him that everything was fine.

"You are both ready to be mounted by a dog? You want to do this ... this is not me pushing anything, this is you guys wanting to, right?" They both nodded enthusiastically. Bobbi had thought of it first and presented the idea to Annie, but she now knew that the Annie was itching to do it. Jake smile, "This should be amazing."

Jake took both of their hands and led them out to the barn. They were still in the clothes they wore during the day. Bobbi in her uniform and Annie in her jeans and shirt. Jake whistled for the dogs. He didn't even have names for them. He had inherited them from the previous owners and never got around to naming them. It ceased to be of importance as they managed just fine.

They entered the barn and went to the hay pile that formed from bales breaking as they spread some out in the stalls. Annie giggled at what they were about to do, but proceeded to unbutton her blouse. Her bra came into view quickly. She was eager. Now that the decision had been made, she wanted to experience more from the dogs. Jake noticed that her bra was delicate, lacy, and he could almost see her darker nipple through the material. She was shrugging off the blouse as Bobbi just started to unbutton her uniform shirt. Annie seemed anxious and it was apparent by the speed in which she was getting out of her clothes. Jake stood back watching the scene unfold before him, the two women he loved getting out of their clothes to be fucked by the dogs.

Jake shook his head as watched. His life was so simple and private until he found Annie's foot sticking out of the loose desert ground. Not that he would ever change any of it now, but ... how could he have anticipated that his life would include such a scene. And, that events like this would not be unexpected. One woman who was often around the house and yard naked, another who might be naked as much as not. And, both were excited to make love to him. Now, the dogs. What would be next?

Annie was on her ass, pulling at her boots. Once she had them off, she was quickly out of her jeans and panties. She knelt with the dogs, waiting for Bobbi. She was the more anxious but it was Bobbi who had the better sense of the dogs from her time growing up on her parent's ranch. Country girls are just exposed to so much more as a general course of life. Animals mating was something that just happened; it was out in the open and they learned it was nothing to be embarrassed about seeing. She had known about the dog's knot and the male and female being stuck together. Annie wanted Bobbi's participation this first time, maybe even being mounted first. After she experienced it herself, though, neither she or the others could guess what would happen.

Bobbi was more deliberate in getting undressed, partly because it was her uniform. She folded each

item as she went. Her bra was functional rather than pretty, more of a sports bra. Jake enjoyed the two women for their differences. Bobbi was stronger and more self-confident, didn't take guff from anyone unless she wanted to. Her figure was stronger, too, her breasts and hips fuller. Annie was a stark difference. She showed less confidence in her actions, more timid with others. Her breasts and hips slimmer, her skin fair to Bobbi's brown. If he were to count his blessings, these two would be right at the top.

When Bobbi was ready, the two women looked at each other with playful mischievousness. They were about to do something neither would have dreamed of before, something that would probably have to remain just among the three of them, something society might not approve of. There was a little bit of discussion while both women were kneeling on the ground. Both were being probed by tongues and the discussion became mute quickly as their sense of anticipation gave way to a real need to do something about it.

They got two of the dogs onto the ground, lying on their sides. They looked at each other for reinforcement and Jake realized what they were now about to do. He had heard their comments about getting the dogs ready, but now he understood. Their heads lowered to the dogs and they worked their hands and kisses down the body of the dogs until they made contact with the sheaths. The dogs had quickly attained great patience and trust in the women after they started being allowed (encouraged) to lick their pussies. It was paying off in spades for them now. The dogs may not have known exactly what was coming, but the attention they were receiving encouraged their cooperation. The women tried touches and licks to the emerging penises, checking out what the other was doing, then proceeding to do more as the dog penises moved out of the protective sleeves. They had read how the protected penis was sensitive to touch and they used their own saliva and the copious amount of pre-cum escaping the emerging penis to lubricate the outside, allowing them to stroke them in between using their mouths.

Bobbi raised her head to look at how Annie was doing. "What do you think?" They were in their own little world now. Despite Jake leaning against the stall wall watching, they only had eyes and attention for each other and the dogs they were attending to.

Annie pulled up and smiled, her smile was big and easy, "So different. The shape and texture is unusual. The taste is different, but pleasant, too." She dropped her head back to her efforts.

It wasn't long before both dog cocks were well out of the sheaths. The women didn't even look at Jake, only each other as they soundlessly agreed it was time. They faced each other before going to their hands and knees. There was a little confusion on the part of the dogs. They immediately went to the asses and began licking as before. More was intended this time, however. Jake watched as Annie pushed the snout away and patted her ass, trying to entice it to jump onto her. The dogs were between 4 and 6 years old and having the run of the area were believed to have had the opportunity to have mated before. The instinct of mating took over once they caught on to what the women were offering. Jake chuckled under his breath at the sudden thought that the dogs didn't care if they had a bitch or a woman available ... pussy was pussy. The women might say ... typical male attitude.

Jake watched intent, trying to keep both women in his view and attention. As much as this was erotic, he still maintained a sense of concern. This was animalistic mating with women, women he cared a lot about. None of them really understood what might happen; it just seemed so hot that the women wanted to take the next step with the dogs after they had enjoyed their tongues. So, he watching closely as the one and then the other dog jumped onto the backs of the women. Their reaction was duplicated as the animal landed on them, already eliciting a gasp without the sexual contact. Then, when the dogs thrust forward with hips, both women gasped out at the impact of dog cock to their asses. It seemed to take several thrusts from the dogs to achieve the contact their

sought. Once, they did, though, the rest was predictable. The dog on Annie seemed to hit his target first, released his grip around her waist, thrust forward, re-gripped her, and began thrusting his hips against her ass with a speed and intensity he had never seen. Jake was taken aback initially until he saw the other repeating the same motions on Bobbi. This was canine mating. It was furious, but any concern of his was wiped away by the sound coming from the women. They were both moaning, gasping, and groaning as the dogs fucked into them.

The barn was filled with the sounds of bestial sex. It was like a very strange duet being played out as the women cried out their surprise, desire, pleasure, and demands for more from their new lovers. One cried out loudly with the other seemingly in background, then it shifted to the other. Back and forth the cries and moans went.

Jake watched with new concern as he anticipated the knots to come into play, but not as much as the two women who were just then feeling the impact of the swelled portion of dog cock bumping into their outer pussy lips. Bobbi's head had been hanging down, concentrating on the wild thrill of the cock ramming in and out of her when she first felt it. With the crazy feelings already coursing through her, she had forgotten about the knot. Feeling the obstruction outside her was initially confusing, then realization set in. She was the one who had been worried about Annie and she was surprised by the feeling. It felt huge to her as it bump repeatedly against her pussy. But, at the same time, with each bump and push, her pussy was opening to the knot, stretching her out as the dog pressed more urgently to enter her completely.

Annie cried out as the knot on her dog pressed against her, stretching her pussy. She bit her lip and pressed back against the dog. She glanced up at Bobbi in front of her and could see that she was experiencing the same thing. She could see the concentration on her face, the winching around her eyes as she too was being stretched. Then, Bobbi looked up and their eyes made contact and held. Annie gave a weak smile and Bobbi returned it, blowing her a kiss. Annie felt the same way. There was a pain, a pain of being stretched, but even now, as the knot stretched her, the pain was wonderful, like a nipple being pinched or twisted.

Her eyes went wide and her mouth released a cry of relief and a long "Ooooooooooh, god!" as the knot popped past her opening and was completely inside her. Now there were new feelings and sensations and stimulations. She felt incredibly full of cock, the knot suddenly restricting the range of motion of the cock as the dog continued to try to fuck her. When he pulled back, she felt her pussy being stretched away from body. When he thrust back into her, she felt the cock and knot slide, filling her. But, there was another sensation. The cock and knot continued to enlarge, continued to leak pre-cum into her pussy. It was an amazing feeling, the cock growing, swelling; the knot swelling larger as it was inside her. Then, she felt the cock twitch inside her, the dog thrusting hard at her, going rigid against her. That was when her own body erupted, orgasming around the cock and knot inside her, her pussy walls clamping around them, releasing her fluids. The combination increased the climax for both and she shook, her arms and legs quivering in response. Her mind flashed an image to her, she was cumming on her first dog cock.

While tied to their respective dogs, Bobbi and Annie held hands and quietly related their individual experiences with shared understanding and enthusiasm. Until ... Bobbi asked the question, "We knew there were three dogs and two of us. Does the other dog wait?"

Annie looked up at her and shook her head. "No. That wouldn't be fair. Besides, Jake is ready to go, too."

Annie volunteered to mate with the third dog and Bobbi and Jake knew they had a bitch on their hands. Jake loved Bobbi doggy style alongside Annie and the last dog. After, while Annie was still

tied to the dog, Bobbi lay in Jake's arms and they watched the two finish.

It is still light as they make their way from the barn to the house. Annie was giggling and Jake had to ask why. Her response set the tone for more discussion.

Giggling at the thought of giving her answer, "I have dog cum running down my thighs. It's amazing how much cum they shoot out." He was holding the hands of both women, all of them returning to the house naked, carrying their clothes.

He chuckled, "I take it you enjoyed that."

"Oh my god! That is so different. I wouldn't give you up for anything, Jake. But it is so ..."

"Different."

"Yeah!" They all laughed.

Bobbi got towels to put on the couch seat, Jake got some bourbon for each of them. Annie was in the middle, again. She was anticipating a follow-up to the discussion they had in the car, this time with Jake. She hoped it was now. And, it was.

Jake started it, putting his arm around Annie, rubbing her arm, his fingers extended to also touch Bobbi. "Bobbi said that you two talked about more than the dogs, which was amazing by the way. Maybe I'm perverted, but there must be something about watching beautiful women being mated by animals." Both women smiled and shared a kiss. Their hands were on each other's thighs, gently stroking. "I understand there was also an awkward moment or two around the discussion of you and letting yourself go. The whole question if that made you a slut." He used a finger to raise her chin up to look down into her eyes. "We love you, Annie. We want you to be happy and fulfilled."

She smiled timidly at him. This was building to the part she was waiting for. Bobbi said that Jake had an idea, a proposal for her in the family. "It's okay. We talked through it. It's just that ... well ... letting go and doing whatever just seems slutty, that was all. I know it isn't meant as cheap and dirt. But, Bobbi said you had an idea, that would open me up to experience things and be safe and in control."

"Honey, that's exactly the key. You love sex! We know that. I think Tommy saw that. You were willing and eager to have sex even with a friend or two for fun, relaxed, and comfortable. The mistake he and his friends made was to treat you like a submissive. You are not that. You might not jump in to take charge like I would or Bobbi would, but you are still strong enough to know what you want and don't want. You might not have been strong enough or certain enough about yourself to leave him when they wanted to dominate you, make you do things you really didn't want to do, but you are strong in your way. You didn't want to mate with the dog for them, but you just did it twice with our dogs."

"It was my choice."

"Exactly. You weren't pushed. The idea was presented and you were excited, then you wanted it. And it was beautiful."

"So, what's your idea?"

"My idea ..." he looked at Bobbi and she nodded, "my idea is that you ACT like a slut here at the ranch. You experience whatever you want, when you want, as it is available. It is all up to you; but

what I thought you might have fun with is to be naked whenever possible. Now that we are settling in for good here, we may start having visitors, but the locked gate will always be the barrier to surprises. You like the dogs. You like us loving you. Your being naked will have you available and ready for us touch, to love or fuck, for the dogs to lick or fuck. I'm not saying you spend the day, every day, having sex. We have too much work around here and Bobbi is gone half the time. I'm just saying that you have the option ... whenever."

Bobbi said, "I think I see her answer." They both looked at her questioningly. "Look at her nipples." They were hard nubs.

Annie giggled, "Yeah, well, my pussy is tingling now, too."

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Annie's first day in her new freedom role started out with her being fucked by Jake bent over the kitchen table. Sitting at the table to the side was Bobbi, her elbows on the table sipping her coffee, not two feet from her. She was realizing something new about herself, already. Having Bobbi sitting there so casually while she was being fucked was an additional turn-on. She enjoyed being seen by them. There was an exhibitionistic side to her. She saw that it would come into play a lot going forward.

Bobbi was patient. She sipped her coffee casually but carefully. She was so close to the action in front of her that a sudden, unexpected movement from any of the three of them might have her coffee spilled. And, they were all naked. She had slept later than the others. This was the start of her long weekend. All her weekends were long after she negotiated a schedule of half-time with Sheriff Frank Orland. The experience with the dogs the night before was still in her mind as she rolled and stretched in bed, first sensing that she was alone, and then hearing activity outside the bedroom, probably in the kitchen.

She was the slower one of the three. She was surprised by that, feeling that Annie, the city girl might be, but Annie was a steady source of surprise. She had shone an immediate desire to be supportive and to carry her weight. Jake had the entire ranch as his domain and Bobbi had her job as a Country Deputy. Annie, fairly green in experience regarding everything, took on whatever she could with guidance. She was determined and rarely needed to be shown or instructed more than the first time. The mornings had become her way of giving to her partners. Coffee and breakfast was her morning gift, so it was no surprise that she was out of bed with early light. Jake was too, but because the early morning was cool and the air still fresh.

This day was slower than normal for Bobbi. She found a deep desire to hug and stroke her own body with the memory of the dog filling her pussy with his cock and knot. The knot was an absolutely amazing experience: painful in the stretching, but amazing in the entirety of the experience.

She refocused on the activity before her. Annie was pressed unceremoniously onto the table top on her front. Jake was behind her stroking into her smoothly and evenly. He would stop, pressed deeply into her and run his hands up her back, kneading her muscles as if in a massage, then leaning forward, pressing his cock a little further in as he kissed her neck and upper back. It was a slow and gentle fucking and Annie was almost mewling in the pleasure of it.

Annie threw her head to Bobbi's side, flipping her hair to the opposite side and allowing a view of her woman-mate. With the side of her face on the table top, she gazed at Bobbi and smiled.

Bobbi reached out and touched her cheek softly. "Is my Annie enjoying her morning?" Bobbi winked at Jake who paused deep in Annie to lean over and kiss her. "I would venture that if anyone had any question about our discussion last night, you are putting that to rest." They both chuckled. She was well into pleasure mode and being released to freely and openly experience her passion had put a glow on her.

Jake must have been getting close to cumming. He started pounding into her harder and faster. Bobbi lifted her coffee mug off the jerking table and sat back to watch the finale. Jake thrust into her, held himself deep inside, and groaned his release. Annie raised her head, her mouth wide open, her eyes shut tightly as they released in climax.

Bobbi was smiling widely at the scene, but her own pussy was dripping wet. She had been thinking about what to do to this vixen they had released to fully enjoy her body. She thought about making her orgasm under her fingers and mouth, but she ultimately decided this woman was going to find plenty of orgasms throughout the day and she suspected that three of them would be while underneath the dogs. No, she decided that she would have Annie pleasure her, to use her mouth, tongue and fingers to bring her to an orgasm.

After Jake pulled out of her, Annie slid off the table and found a chair. Bobbi got up and put a mug of coffee and a large glass of water in front of her. She chugged the water, then settled back with the mug between her two hands, sipping and looking over the top at the Bobbi who was smiling at her.

"What?"

"That was quite a scene you put on."

"Me? It was Jake ... he came in, spun me around, pressed me onto the table and penetrated me." There was a glint in her eyes as she tried playing the role of being the innocent.

Bobbi looked admonishingly at Jake. "That's awful ... You mean he didn't even prepare you? He just poked right into you? Jake, you could hurt her by not making sure she was lubricated."

Even Annie giggled. Jake teased back. "Well, any readier and there would have been a puddle under her."

After Annie finished her coffee, she was instructed to crawl under the table and satisfy Bobbi, which she did with relish.

When Bobbi came, it was with her body barely still on the kitchen chair. Her shoulder blades were pressed into the back and her hips were on the edge of the seat. Her legs were straight and rigid, her hands pulling Annie's head hard into her groin.

When Annie came out from under the table, she was wiping her mouth and chin with the back of her hands. She went immediately to the cupboard and took out a porcelain bowl, heading for the back door.

Jake called after her, "Where are you going now? I thought we might have some breakfast."

Annie smiled at them as he stood in the open door. "Silly, I'm going to the barn to get some eggs for breakfast." And, with that, she ran out the door, across the yard to the barn.

Jake walked to the cupboards, "Damn."

Bobbi looked bewildered. "What? Eggs sound good ..."

"Really? Where do you think the dogs are?" He shook his head. "What kind of cereal do you want?"

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It took a few days for Annie to get the whole freedom-to-express-her-sexuality under control. The ability to be available for and to have frequent sexual encounters didn't mean she had to have it all the time. She found the place within herself that she could decide yes or no to individual situations. It still resulted in a lot of sex and familiar contact. Their little utopia came crashing in on them, though.

"NOOOOO! ... no, no, no ... STOPPP!! ... no, stop ... please ... PLEASE, STOP! ..."

Jake and Bobbi awoke to screaming and bruising thrashing. Jake took a strike to the cheek while Bobbi recoiled from a knee to the thigh. Both jerked upright and took Annie into their mutual embrace to calm and control her actions. They held her tightly but gently, softly speaking reassurance to her. Annie never woke. Her eyes opened with terror, her arms and legs flailing against an unseen danger, but she remained asleep.

Then, she relaxed. She lay quietly between them and her breathing gradually slowed to the soft, regular breathing of normal sleep. Jake turned the bedside light on and they examined Annie and their bruises. They looked at each other over the sleeping woman with confusion and concern. Whatever had caused the reaction in her sleep was terrifying to her. The loss of short-term memory was believed to have possibly spared her of some of those latent reaction and feelings. Was she now processing some of the information she had learned in the course of the investigation? Or, was it something else entirely?

Annie was asleep, so the other two made the effort to rejoin her. At 4:09 in the morning, it happened, again. This time they found her pressed against the headboard, her knees pulled into her chest and her face protectively buried in her knees. She was sobbing after a shorter period of outcries and screams. Once again being held and comforted, she raised her head and looked at the two of them.

"Jake ... Bobbi ... thank, god."

Bobbi reassured her, "It was just a dream, a nightmare, dear."

"No. No, it wasn't. I ..." She looked deep into her eyes, "Bobbi, I ... I remember."

Bobbi looked across the woman in her arms to Jake and said to both of them, "Oh, no." She looked over Annie to Jake who saw a look of fear in her eyes. He moved off the bed and told her to grab some blankets and take Annie out to the front porch. None of them were going to be able to sleep now. He'd make some coffee and meet them there.

They settled into the wooden chairs, Annie sitting with Bobbi on the loveseat sized one and Jake pulling one around to be at an angle to them. They sipped coffee and talked through the rest of the early morning darkness. The dawn light overtook the night and brought with it an increasing light as the sun steadily rose on the other side of the mountain on the east side of the valley. They supported Annie in discussion, gently probing into her memories. Last night she was still oblivious of the events of that fateful night. During the night she relived those horrors. And horrors they were.

She grasped Bobbi's hand firmly, leaning into her for all the physical contact and support she could

get as she relayed the memories of that night. She not only remembered taking the funny tasting drink, but of slipping into a weird state of utter compliance. She was aware, but not, at the same time. For a relatively short period of time, maybe half an hour, she had no resistance to what was demanded of her. She now remembered Tommy telling her that they were going to Carson's. She knew it was absurd that she would go there in nothing but a sheer baby doll negligee, and without panties on, but she couldn't resist. She was like that all the way to Carson's place, Tommy being sent to get more beer, then being taken into that room she had never seen before, and strapped to that 'X' cross apparatus with her arms and legs spread wide.

It was only after the first strike of the cane on her body that she became truly aware of what was happening and she could protest. And, she did. She screamed at them, swore at them, and called them all manner of foul names until they fastened a ball gag into her mouth, which muffled any further noise. She remembered the brutal pain of the caning, someone checking her pussy, and swearing because she wasn't getting turned on by the pain. How absurd could that be, turned on by pain? But that appeared to be what they were expecting; what they were intending to have happen. Instead, she thrashed around even more until they also strapped her to the cross at the waist. She pulled so hard on the wrist and ankle restraints that she tore her skin, but that didn't hurt nearly as much as the caning to her back, butt, and thighs.

Then, they started using her. They fucked her in her pussy and ass, then beat her some more. Fucking and beating. It went that way well into the night. Then, they switched to using objects to insert: dildos, beer bottles, fists, brushes, whatever they could find. Someone suggested getting the dog when she was limply hanging from her bindings. That was when she crashed to the floor sustaining the head injury that led to them believing she had died.

Then she was unconscious and we knew the rest after that. Bobbi got up, wrapped the blanket around Annie and went inside for the radio on her service belt. She connected with the dispatcher and asked for the Sheriff to contact her as soon as possible. She was told to hold a minute and Frank came on the radio.

"You know, it would be a lot easier if you guys had some way to call."

"No cell coverage or land line connection. But, Jake is looking into a satellite phone. Surprisingly, it isn't that bad for a 100 minute per month plan. But, we have some news for you about Annie ... she remembers everything. She scared the hell out of us last night when her memory suddenly came back on-line. In her sleep she thought she was reliving it."

"I know you were hoping that would stay hidden from her. Was it as bad as we all believed?"

"Yes. When you listen to her describe it, it feels even worse."

They talked for a few more minutes and Frank said he would contact the attorneys and the agent at CID. The radio crackled alive again within two hours. They wanted a meeting and everyone agreed to meet half way in Tucson. After the meeting, the state lawyers were excited. The new information from her memories added corroboration to the other information and strengthened some of the circumstantial evidence they had tying her case to the other women found in the desert near her grave. An unfortunate outcome was that the defense attorneys all wanted to depose Annie to get her recollection directly from her.

It took a week for that meeting to get scheduled with the prosecution attorneys, defense attorneys, and the CID involved. Jake insisted on a new conservative dress and low heels for the meeting to establish a positive impression of someone in control of herself.

When they arrived at the offices of the CID, Annie was very nervous. She had been hoping that she was done with the cases and did not want to relive any more of that night than she had to. When they met the lead prosecutor and Agent Dan Vogel outside the conference room, her nerves were showing.

The prosecutor was a woman of about 45 years. She wore her hair short and she wore light makeup. She was in a business dress suit, the blouse buttoned nearly to the collar. Even so, she was attractive. Vogel introduced her to Annie as Mary Adamly. She approached Annie very business-like and put out her hand, which Annie shook.

"This is a tactic on their part. This is a fishing expedition to see what they can get you say. Answer any question truthfully. I will qualify that. Your friends here should only be referred to as your friends and supporters. It isn't hard to accept since one saved you and the other had been your assigned guard. Leave it at that. We don't want them to present an image of you being in a three-some relationship. They could use that to confuse the jury about introducing any questions about what your morals are. Okay?" Annie nodded. "You have friends in there, we'll take care of you, but you have to answer yourself."

The questions came and went. Annie answered them honestly about what she remembered, who she could identify being there (all the suspects), what happened to her, did you protest, did she say no, was she emphatic. Some things drew a protest from the prosecutor, some of those questions were withdrawn, others were reworded.

Jake didn't go into the conference room, only Bobbi. It was felt that she could be easily explained. The fact that Jake's place is so far off the grid made her life a mystery since the hospital, but it was better to be safe than sorry. Annie felt bad at the exclusion of Jake, but he understood.

Toward what turned out to be the end of the questioning, one of the defense attorneys intimated that he might want to call her for a witness. Agent Vogel nearly jumped out of his seat in protest, but the prosecutor put her hand on his arm.

"It's okay, Dan. If any of them want to make that mistake, let them. They obviously don't know."

The defense attorney asked, "Know what?"

She smiled back at him, leaned back in her chair. "What they call her on social media ... have you heard of Resurrection Girl? Twitter, Facebook, you name it ... she's all over it ... and, that's without her being personally involved. She doesn't even have an account, but her supporters are numbering in the hundreds of thousands, maybe millions by now. A number of women's groups are taking up the issue, wanting to refer to her to fight abuse and assault of women. You put her on the stand and try to make her look bad and there isn't a possible jury in the state that won't hang your client. But, you know what's best for your client."

There was moment of silence and it was dropped. The various defense lawyers, all public defenders, filed out leaving them alone. Jake came in nervous but expectant given the looks on the faces of the other attorneys. Vogel gave a thumbs up, but Adamly was more vocal, "That was perfect Ms. Tolley, simply perfect."

Annie looked up, "It's back to my maiden name, Linder. I had to get it changed as quickly as I could."

They laughed. The three were left alone for a moment. Hugs and kisses were shared. Annie looked at them with a beaming face. "They said it's over. This time it is really over."



This time they stopped at a nice bar and celebrated with a couple drinks and a light dinner. It was early for the dinner crowd, so they had room for talking and sharing. Jake caught up with interesting details about the questions and the interaction. The mood was lively and relaxed. There was a sense of finality to that episode in their lives. Then they talked about some of the plans Jake had been considering and wanted their input. He was going to sign a contract for a satellite phone for the house. With a 100 minute per month contract, they would get a phone. At those minutes, the price was good. It was talk only, no data, so it couldn't be used for internet. They loved the idea, especially Bobbi who had to schedule her calls to her family while on duty.

He talked about another pole barn for the vehicles they were now collecting. Then, the big one: remodeling the house. He wanted to take out the bathroom and enlarge it into the spare bedroom across the hall. Then, take out some more room in the spare bedroom for closet space for out of season clothes and clothes that didn't get used very often.

Annie looked at him like he was crazy. "We can't afford that ... can we? I guess we never talked about money and expenses. Maybe I should get a job, too."

Jake took one of each of their hands in his, "No. Okay, unless you really want to. Here's the deal ... I wanted to wait until we were established and now I think we are." The women nodded. "I have money. As I said before, Katie and I were saving like crazy and we both had great jobs and salaries. My parents died and left me with a bunch. I have money. I've talked to my advisor. Can we live on \$100,000 a year?"

The women looked at each other. "Are you kidding? That's like a fortune."

"Then we can manage just fine. Work if you want because you want to, but not because you think you have to. The three of us have a rare opportunity." The discussion became even more energized.

On the way home in the truck, Bobbi's cell phone buzzed and their relationship was about to go to another level. She looked at the screen, "Hmm, my mom." She pressed the answer button, "Hi mom."

"You must be in a car somewhere, otherwise I can't get hold of you. That isn't right, you know. A mother needs to talk to her only daughter."

"That will change. We're getting a satellite phone that will work at the house."

"Are you with them?"

"Yes."

"Put us on speaker." After it goes on speaker, "Jake and Annie, we have to meet. I know how important you are to my daughter, but a mother needs a personal connection. When is that going to happen?"

"Mother!"

"I'm serious. Listen, you two, you have to be saints on this earth for bringing my precious daughter out of her cocoon."

Jake chuckled, "Mrs. Mendoza, you name the time and we'll come down for a visit with the family."

"Mrs. Mendoza? You better call me Sofia." A time was set up for a cookout with her parents and two

brothers.

After it was quiet, Annie said into the dark truck cab, "Your mom sounds like a firebrand. She really loves you, doesn't she?"

"Yes, and she will love you two, also. I guarantee it."

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Annie recovered her equilibrium quickly. In fact, it seemed she was doing better than ever. Bobbi found her leaning against the corral fence watching the horses inside. She had taken on the challenge set out by Jake and encouraged by Bobbi. She was naked and barefoot, one foot on the lower fence rail, her chin resting on her forearm on the top rail. As Bobbi walked up to her, she couldn't help but smile. Despite the problems, the abuse, the assaults, the damage to her brain and body and self-confidence, she was now a stunning creature of openness and experiential existence. After her memory returned that terrifying night and her meeting with the attorneys for prosecution and defenses, she seemed truly healed. The recovered memories were painful, but having them put to rest the unknown. The experience of recounting the events of that fateful night to strangers, some of whom were maybe hoping for a way to critically judge and discount, was the final freeing event to release her. She credited her final healing on her two partners, Bobbi and Jake. Without that freely given acceptance and nurturing that evolved so quickly into love, she might be like so many others who lived their lives in regret, self-recrimination, outward anger, and isolation.

But, she wasn't. She was free, maybe freer than Bobbi herself who suffered her own assault and abuse. But, she saw in Annie her way out of her own suffering. Once locked into her own tight limits of acceptance of love or being loved. Between Annie and Jake, her own world of acceptance was opened to her. It was that newness in her attitude that her mother had expressed to the group while traveling in the truck back from Tucson.

Jake? A similar but different renewal. His wasn't anything like the assault or abuse of the two women. His was a loss so consuming that he felt his once ideal life was killed, left with a life of mere existence. The courage and acceptance shown by these women changed his perspective, expectation, and optimism for his future and what he could contribute to others, especially these two.

The ranch was a place of peace, openness, and acceptance. Annie was generally naked and available to her lovers, human and canine. A continuing experience she enjoyed and a gift to them that she eagerly gave. Whether the others were naked or clothed made little or no difference to her or them. They gave and received in their own ways and according to their needs and desires.

It was with that understanding and acceptance that Bobbi walked up to Annie at the corral fence, finding her musing in quiet thought.

"You look deep in thought, sweetie. Would you rather be alone?"

Annie turned her head without changing her stance, her face changing from pensive to a broad smile. "No ... just thinking, pondering."

Bobbi leaned on the fence alongside her, a hand moving over the naked woman. Both Jake and Bobbi had admitted to Annie that they found it almost impossible to be near her without touching her. She had smiled with a very simple response that it was exactly her objective.

"They're beautiful animals, aren't they? The horses, I mean. So powerful, yet graceful."

"Very powerful. I love the feeling of being on them bareback, feeling their muscles as they move. It is very erotic for me ..."

Bobbi chuckled, "I am beginning to think that a lot of things are very erotic for you." They laughed. One of the stallions turned and she could see that it was partially dropped, its penis just coming out of the sheath. Having grown up on a ranch similar to this one, she was used to seeing and witnessing the variety of animal sexual activity; dogs mating, bulls with cows, horses even. Horses were quite impressive in the sex organ department and she saw in Annie's attention what her pensive attitude was probably centered on. "Quite impressive, isn't it?"

Annie seemed embarrassed. It was at moments like this that her nudity became very conscious to her, but adding to whatever she might be feeling. "What?" Trying to sound casual and non-obvious.

"I know what your attention is on. Have you seen him fully out?"

The horse had dropped with about 12 inches hanging out soft. "When it is hard, it could be as much as 24 inches long or more." Annie's attitude went from embarrassed at being so obvious to actively curious and Bobbi could read the change of interest. She smiled and wondered what this woman would try, if challenged. "Think of it like Jake's forearm and his fist being the head."

Annie was going to pursue it and it was immediately clear to Bobbi. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jake come to the barn back door with a bridle strap he was oiling.

Annie mused, "Did you ever touch one? Did you ever ..."

"No. I will say, though, that there was always talk. In the country among ranch and farm people, there is always rumors whispered. Proper people wouldn't openly talk about such things", she giggled and Annie looked up at her, her eyes showing that she wanted to know more, "but, there were whispers. Like urban legends; maybe, country legends. That some women loved their animals, including dogs and horses and other animals. Nobody ever knew these women, of course, but there was talk." Annie seemed fixated. Bobbi slipped her hands down the woman's back, over her ass, and between her legs, which were open with her foot on the lower rail. The younger woman was sopping wet.

Without turning, Annie confirmed how she was feeling. "Yes ... I'm on fire with just the thought."

Bobbi took her hand, turned her around and kissed her, stroking up her side to her breast, cupping it as she whispered into her ear that they should take the horse into a stall, tether it so it's hind legs couldn't kick, and she could keep the horse calm while Annie experiment. Annie groaned, which was all the response necessary. But, she warned the woman that a horse cumming was like nothing she could imagine. That made Annie even more curious.

When Bobbi looked up, Jake was holding a tethering strap and indicated inside the barn. He understood.

Bobbi put a rope around the horse's head and led it into the barn with Annie following alongside. She was watching as the huge, still soft cock swung from side to side. Bobbi spotted the tethering strap on the wooden column, grabbed it, and led the horse inside the stall. She tied him to the end, then moved to the back of the horse, putting one end around one hoof, then loop the other around the other hoof before cinching them tight, giving the horse only a two foot separation.

She turned to Annie who was standing at the opening to the stall. "I will go to his head and neck and pet him. You follow me, then move slowly down his body, stroking his sides and flank. Don't move

your hands underneath until you think he is relaxed to our touch. He is familiar with both of us, but not like this. He will be skittish. We don't want him to be afraid. If this is done properly, he gets a lot of pleasure and you get an experience."

It was clear that Annie was nervous. Such a large beast. Then, again, the beast itself wasn't the only thing large about it. Women have fantasies about size, but it was hanging out 12 inches and Bobbi said it would easily double in length and it was indeed as wide as Jake's forearm.

She spent many minutes getting the animal comfortable, then started moving her hands underneath, first on its massive chest before moving onto its stomach. Bobbi was crouched down watching the progress and added another bit of information. "I never got up the nerve to do what you are going to do, but I did think hard about it and thought enough about it to do some research. Like dogs, their cock being inside the sheath causes it to be sensitive. See how much pre-cum is already forming? Use it and your saliva to lubricate the cock. If your hands don't irritate him, he will probably enjoy it more and be less likely to react suddenly."

Annie absorbed that information with the rest. It helped that she was familiar with dogs and was able to incorporate the horse in with the other animalistic experience. This is just so much bigger. After tentatively touching the outside of the sheath, she was pleased that the animal reacted with just a small twitch. She spat several times into her hands, rubbing them together, then spitting directly onto the exposed cock. Her eyes became large as she realized that her spittle did nothing to cover the cock and it wasn't even hard, yet.

She held the cock in her hands and looked at the strange head. Flared at the end like some monster mushroom. She touched the hole in the end and felt the pre-cum, spreading her palm over the end, then down the shaft. The horse was more antsy now, but still holding still. His cock was also getting long as she played with the length. If her hands were having that affect, what would her mouth do? She put her lips to the end of the cock and sucked at the hole, taking in some of the pre-cum. It was a creamy texture, not unpleasant in taste. She licked down the length on one side and back on the other side. As she did, the cock grew steadily.

The more pre-cum she took off the head of the cock, the more aggressive she felt she could be with the cock. It was now huge, both of her hands on it and there was far more cock not under her hands than what was covered by them. She stroked up and down, replacing the pre-cum over and over to keep it lubricated. She sucked the end taking more and more of the pre-cum, her own excitement growing as the horse appeared to, his cock now hard in her hands. She sucked at the hole in the flared head while her hands stroked down and up the shaft. In her excitement with the knowledge that she was going to bring a horse's cock to climax, another animal, she opened her mouth as wide as she could get it. Then, she began folding the flare up and into her mouth, forcing more and more in until her mouth felt stuffed but she had the end of the cock inside her mouth. She breathed through her nose, the only way she could with her mouth completely stuffed.

She released her hands, amazed at the cock in her mouth and only supported that way. That was nearly the moment of error. If she had left her hands on the cock, she would have felt the cock surge and throb as it sent its cum from the balls through the long shaft. Instead, by the time she realized, the first spurt shot into her mouth, filling her mouth and forcing it down her throat, only to be restricted by her gag reflex. Unfortunately, her body's reflex to shut off her throat forced the cum back into her mouth which was already full and up through her sinus passages and out her nose. In the split seconds that all that took, the cock erupted out of her mouth as the second spurt sprayed her face and head, blinding her. She fumbled with her hands to locate the wild fire hose of cum. Without being able to see, she didn't find it and the third spurt sprayed over her chest and breasts.

She crawled out from under the horse, bumping into the wall of the stall. Only then did she sit on her side to clear the cum from her eyes. The first thing she saw was the full length of the cock dripping cum. The second thing was a pair of boots standing at the opening to the stall. In her mind, she wondered how much of that fiasco Jake had witnessed.

Bobbi came rushing over to her, but moved a few feet away after seeing the cum on her. Bobbi started laughing, a low, gentle chuckle that grew steadily into a full laugh. Annie couldn't help herself, she started laughing, too. She was wiping her face with her hands when a towel was put in front of her by Jake. She looked up at him and they started laughing, again.

Jake knelt down in front of her, took the towel, and helped clean her eyes, face, lips, and ears. Yes, she had cum in her ears. Jake looked at her, smiling, "I wished I had a video of that ... when the cum came out your nose ..." They laughed and he helped her up. Then he did something she didn't expect, he hugged her, horse cum and all. "But, tell me ... despite all the laughing and the cum everywhere ... was it good for you?"

She looked up at him and beamed, "Yes! I loved it. My god! I just blew a horse cock! Did you see all that cum ... of course you saw all that cum ... Oh, wow! That was amazing!"

They walked her to the back of the house, towed the cum off as well as they could, and rushed her through the house to the shower.

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CHAPTER NINE

Ding, ding, ding ... ding, ding, ding ... ding, ding, ding ...

Annie was the only one in the house. The sound momentarily bewildered her. She was so used to not having a phone that worked in the house that hearing one seemed out of place. She grabbed it off the end of the counter and checked the display. There were only a few phone numbers logged into it and so far all by Bobbi. The display reported 'Mendoza'.

"Hi, Mrs. Mendoza. Ugh ... sorry ... Sofia."

A chuckle greeted her. "This must be Annie, thank you for remembering. So, the new phone seems to work just fine up there in the dead zone."

"Yeah, I'm still not used to it being available. I was looking all over for the sound. You're probably wanting Bobbi, but she and Jake are up on the slope moving some of the cattle to a different location. Can I have her call you?"

"Yes, please. For your information, though, I am hoping you guys can come this Saturday for a visit. Her older brother, wife, and two kids will be there, too. I am so looking forward to meeting you and Jake. Bye, honey."

Annie was looking forward to it, also. Bobbi's family seemed so real and caring. Nothing like what she had grown up in.

The gathering at the Mendoza ranch was joyous, but also with some nervousness. Bobbi was overjoyed to bring her partners to meet her family, to share them, and to allow her family to witness first hand why she was so happy. The nervousness was primarily Jake and Annie. It was they who saw the relationship with Bobbi as different and possibly threatening to comprehend.

The Mendoza ranch was south of the Chiricahua National Monument. Besides Sophie, Bobbi's mother, there was Tomas, her father, and Adrian, her older brother. Her younger brother, Juan. Adrian was married to Ela (who is 75% Apache) and they have two sons, Thomas & John, named after his father and younger brother.

Instead of tension, though, they found a family that was deeply appreciative that Bobbi had found someone (s) who could bring her back to a sharing and loving life. They left with a commitment to return frequently and they all shared in that desire. Bobbi was overjoyed at the acceptance of Jake and Annie and their unusual relationship. But, she was most overjoyed at the feeling of connection and family, again. She knew that when it was lost before, it wasn't her family but her; it was her guilt and anger that drove a wedge in the family.

They returned home feeling bloated from too much wonderfully prepared pork BBQ and beer. Nobody felt they could sleep feeling that way, so Jake suggested they make a night of relaxing their style. The night had just turned from twilight to full dark; and, full dark where they lived was black dark. Jake's idea of 'their style' was interesting and different. They had no TV, DVD, or other artificial distraction of time. In fact, they preferred to have real time, time spent reading, talking, or communing in some way together. They made love and they all understood what he meant.

But, it wasn't frantic-for-a-time sex loving. It was spending time, communing, sharing, relaxing, giggling, laughing love making. That's not to say they didn't have frantic, intense sex; the kind of sex couples and partners have in bed as they are going to bed and sleep. They did and more; they had much more as was evident by the inclusion of dogs and now horses. But, this was different, this was like a couple spending time for an evening. But, they weren't distracted from each other, they were fully aware and in touch.

It was a given that this was going to be hours in the making. There was no rush to orgasm, but there was no resistance to one, either. It was an ebb and flow among the three of them: all three of them together; Jake and Bobbi; Jake and Annie; Annie and Bobbi.

Tonight, they stripped naked in the bedroom while talking casually about the Bobbi's family and how much they had enjoyed the time and the people. It all warmed Bobbi's heart because her family had obviously really liked them, as well. Once undressed, they made their way to the kitchen. This was an event and they were well practiced at it. Jake got the liquor out with glasses and ice and mixes as each preferred. Tonight it appeared to be his bourbon and red wine for the women. Much simpler than other times when margaritas were called for. The women made the choices for snacks. This night it appeared to healthy after the heavy meal, focused on sliced fruit and vegies.

They moved to the couch with their drinks and talked, all three of them on the couch with Jake in the middle. They talked, teasing Bobbi about some of the stories they heard, especially from her brother. But, they were naked and none of them had any compunction about touching. Breasts were touched, nipples were played with, one cock was stroked and squeezed. As it always did, it freely and easily flowed into less talking and more kissing and touching.

Jake was kissing Bobbi while Annie was sucking Jake's cock, then they switched, and switched again, then again. Then Bobbi moved Annie's head away from Jake's cock, straddled his legs, knelt over him and lowered herself over his cock. Annie stood up on the couch and presented her pussy to him, her hands on the top of his head. They switched positions frequently. Eventually getting Annie bent over the back of the couch with Jake fucking into her, Bobbi sitting on the couch, her shoulders and head hanging over to the floor as Annie licked and tongued her pussy.

Eventually, Bobbi rolled to the side and off the couch. Stood up, stroked her hands up her body to

her hair and smiled at the other two. She kissed both of them, then went into the kitchen, chomp on a carrot stick as she refilled her wine glass, then took a handful of carrot pieces and apples slices halfway, leaned against the wall as she watched the other two continue their fucking. She sipped her wine and mused about how wonderful her life was going. Then put her wine glass down, took a handful of apple slices and fed them to Jake and Annie between kisses. When they were gone, she walked alongside Jake, tapped Annie's ass and she slid down onto the couch and rolled off. Bobbi kissed Jake and took Annie's exact spot. Jake lined up his cock to her pussy and easily and smoothly entered her. She gasped and he moved into a steady, even rhythm.

As Jake pulled out of her, Annie rolled to the side, stood, kissed each of her partners, shook out her hair and made for the bathroom. Feeling better, she refreshed her wine glass, too. She stood watching them make love, grabbed a couple more slices of apple and cheese, then slowly walked back into the room. She stood in front of them slowly sipping her wine and nibbling her snack. When the snack was gone, but the wine wasn't, she stood sipping, her hand moving between her legs. Not consciously, but naturally, turned on and aroused by watching her partners loving. Not a bit of jealousy or a sense of missing out on something ... just enjoying the exchange and the shifting attention of the partners.

These nights became a reflection of their relationship. There were certainly times of raw and powerful and intense fucking and driving orgasms. There were times of sensual, intimate, and loving one-on-one sex; it could just as likely be the two women as Jake and one of the women. But, these nights were what they were as lovers and partners. Their loving, fucking, and sexing flowed from one to the other, changing partners as much as changing positions. They would stop and refresh, then take it right up, again. These nights went for hours; it was slow and building; always with the intention for all of them to climax, but never in a rush to do so. There were plenty of times when they were together for intense fucking, for release of sexual tension; this wasn't one of those times.

When it came to that time when they needed their release, that the buildup had become too much to resist any longer, then they moved to an appropriate solution. This night the two women moved to sit on the couch, their asses slid to the edge and hanging over, their shoulders pressed partially into the back and partially on the seat. Jake lined up with one and inserted his cock into her pussy. The fucking was more intense now. After a dozen or so strokes, he quickly removed himself and moved to the other woman, inserted and fucked. Once he pulled out, she would use her hands and fingers on her clit and pussy. Back and forth until they all achieved their climax. Afterwards, it was usually a tangle of arms and legs on the floor before they mustered the energy to move to the bed and form another tangle, which was how they fell asleep.

Another call came from Bobbi's mom. This one at dinner time. The others listened to the partial conversation of hearing only Bobbi's responses.

"Hi, mom."

"We had a wonderful time. Both of them commented to me how much fun they had and what a wonderful family I have."

"That's what they said ... I can't imagine how that impression will last, though."

"No ... seriously, though, they did and they would like to meet, again."

"The Rojas' place? They are quitting? I guess their old enough ... their children don't have any interest?"

"Aha ... okay ... yeah, thanks. We'll talk."

She reseated herself at the table. Took a couple bites of her meal, looked up at the expectant gazes

and summarized the conversation. "Obviously, that was my mom. A neighboring ranch is a family our family has known for years. They are quitting and their children have no interest in the ranch. They all live in various cities and did so to get away from ranch life. They don't want to hassle with selling things off, so they are going the route of an auction house. In the span of a few days, everything ... I mean, everything ... is auction off. But, they want their friends to have first pick before they contact the auction house. Once they do, they can't play favorites. Mom remembered the discussion about finding a horse trailer that could carry a horse for each of us to attend community rides and travel to other areas for rides. Mr. Rojas has a three horse trailer and he likes the idea of helping me out. Then I can bring back my horse. We might find some other livestock we'd be interested in. What do you say? Worth a look?"

Of course, they all agreed. Bobbi called her mom back and set the time and place.

Then, Jake announced his news. They had agreed on putting in a new pole barn for better storage of their vehicles, especially Bobbi's Sheriff's cruiser and Jake's newer pickup. It would be good to have all the vehicles out of the harsh desert sun. That would be starting soon. He set it all up through Matt as they had talked. Jake had stressed that he liked to spend money locally when at all possible. And, Matt had shown that he had good contacts. Matt would act as their general contractor and assist in construction. As a result, Jake was giving Matt a key to the gate on the road during construction to get equipment and supplies here and access for the construction group. He looked directly at Annie.

"That means we will have to be more careful about how we dress around here for a while."

"Hey ... okay ... I can wear clothes, but you two like me being naked as much as I like being naked."

They all laughed because she was absolutely right.

The arranged day of meeting the Rojas' reinforced to them the distances of neighbors in the desert and ranch country. Their neighbors, Rojas, were still 20 minutes down paved and gravel roads from the Mendoza's. The situation was pretty much as Sophia had explained it. They were selling the ranch and everything associated with it and moving to a simpler life. For their longtime friends, they simply wished to provide an early opportunity.

Bobbi and her mother had researched used horse trailers, so they knew what might be a good price. The trailer the Rojas' had was a four-horse trailer that also had room for the storage of saddles and equipment. Jake agreed to the negotiated price after verifying that his newest pickup truck was sufficient to pull it. That was really all he had intended to consider, but someone had another idea.

Annie was wandering the area around the barn. When they found her, she was admiring a pony, a small, full-grown horse. Mr. Rojas approached the group and saw what held her attention. He chuckled, "Aw ... the little one. I had thought that he might be perfect for children to begin riding. But, we seldom see our grandchildren anymore." He turned and watched Annie continue to admire the smaller horse. "You like the little guy?"

Annie didn't know how to respond. She did, but she didn't want to impose on Jake over something that they didn't really need for the ranch. A ranch was practical. She had already learned that in the short time with Jake and Bobbi. The pony would be frivolous. Mr. Rojas smiled at her. In some ways she reminded him of his youngest daughter when she was younger, much younger than Annie was, but Annie had the same exuberance and delight that his daughter had before she got so serious in her marriage and career.

He confronted Jake with a proposition, "She seems to like the little guy, but I understand that you

may not have a practical use for it. I'll give you a really good deal on it if you help me out with some other animals. Other people have taken some of the animals, but I am left with odd leftovers. The pony being one, then one ram, one boar and sow, and a few chickens." He looked at Jake and could see that he wasn't too interested. "Okay, I know it isn't what you should be interested in ... \$200 for the lot. Even if all you do it butcher the two hogs, it would be worth that ..."

Bobbi was watching Annie who was trying not to let her emotions show. Bobbi leaned into Jake and whispered in his ear, "If nothing else, you might be giving Annie new playthings." Bobbi was smiling and when Jake turned and looked at her, he smiled, too. Both of them were now wondering if they might see Annie under the ram, much less the pony.

Mr. Rojas saw something change in Jake's expression and he knew he had a deal. He didn't know why all of the sudden, but something had changed, something the woman, Bobbi, had said.

With the help of Bobbi's parents, they got the trailer attached to the pickup and the animals inside. They only hoped the poor chickens didn't get trampled in the process of traveling. They parted ways and promised to invite the family for a visit at their place next time. Once in the truck, Annie sitting in the back of the crew cab, Jake said just two words, "A pony." And the three laughed in unison. Annie wasn't fooling any of them, if she was trying. The pony was much smaller than the horse, it only stood to reason that other parts of it would be, too.

It didn't take long before Annie and Bobbi were under the pony, too. They were both curious how much smaller the pony's cock was in comparison to the horse. As much as they liked being sprayed by the horse, they were curious if the pony's cock might more comfortably fit inside their mouths. Jake was sitting on the corral fence watching as the two women walked up to the small horse. They had already determined that he was very comfortable around humans and reacted well to being touched, even on the belly and down around his sheath. This was to be the first time they would actually touch his cock.

Jake was the only one of the three with any clothes on. The two women new better than to tease a horse cock with clothes on. They didn't know exactly what to expect from the smaller horse, but he was still a horse. They were prepared for the worst ... or the best, depending on you looked at it.

They used their own saliva and the horse's pre-cum to massage and stroke the cock as it emerged from the sheath. They looked frequently over to Jake as they proceeded, the cock getting longer and longer. When fully erect, the cock was about 16 inches long but not as big around as the horse.

Annie was, of course, the first one to put the head of the cock into her mouth. She looked out the side of her eyes at Bobbi, her mouth stretched wide and her cheeks puffed out with cock. She pushed forward to take more of the thing inside, but she could only move a few more inches before it was at the back of her mouth. Bobbi tapped on her shoulder and she reluctantly pulled her mouth off to allow Bobbi to try, also. She did the same and soon the poor cock was being teased by two pairs of hands and alternating mouths and tongues. With the cock just inside their mouth, they could press their tongue against the pee hole and suck on it.

From where Jake was sitting, the two women seemed to be enjoying the activity immensely, since they had seemed to have forgotten about him entirely. It wasn't long before he was also sure that the pony had enjoyed it as much or more than the women. When he came, it was very much like the experience of the larger horse. The women moved the spurting cock from one face and upper body to the other. All the while they giggled at themselves.

This time, like the last few times with the large horse, after it finished cumming on the women, the

both used their mouths and tongues to clean the huge cock. After they were satisfied, they crawled out from under, hugged each other, and showing huge smiles. Annie was definitely the more aggressive animal sexual partner, but Bobbi enjoyed it also. It wasn't a function of animal sex, at all; it was more that Annie was just much more sexual than either Bobbi or Jake. More than anyone they had ever known.

They walked over to Jake. He watched them intently. What wasn't to like. Two naked, cum covered women walking directly and unashamed to him. When they were closer, he noted that on each, there were drops of horse cum hanging on each nipple. He had never tasted horse cum, but that might have been the tempting opportunity.

Bobbi nudged Annie playfully. "Go ahead, tell him."

Annie seemed a bit embarrassed. "You said we should just be open and honest about our sexual preferences and desires." He nodded his head. He already knew where this was headed. "Well ... I want to fuck the pony. I think I can get him in me, but ... I don't know ..."

He smiled at her. He loved how these two women were so different in some ways and similar in other ways. Annie could almost be like a little girl in her attitude. She could be tentative, unsure, and needing support and affirmation. Bobbi was usually very decisive and confident. This was Annie needing to know it was okay what she was wanting and to seek support and guidance to accomplish it.

"You're not sure what position to be in and how to be at a comfortable height for him and you?"

She beamed, "Yes ... exactly! We can figure that out, right?"

He laughed, "Absolutely." And, he intuitively knew she wanted to right that instant. Giving the pony a blow job had had a huge effect on her, too. Jake considered that if the pony, or any horse, was anything like a human male, it might last longer the second time. She might be in for quite a ride. He got a length of rope, stretched it out from the underside of the pony to the ground, then went into the barn and a stall, marking the length on the post of the stall. He put a hay bale on the floor. He covered the hay bale with an old blanket, measured the height, and declared it ready.

"I strongly suggest you lie on your back. Bobbi can add anything, but none of us knows what this is going to be like. His cock is much longer than your pussy. A horse would be even more so. I think you should have your feet on the front of his flank so you can control the depth of penetration by pushing yourself further away, if necessary. Just so you understand, this is trial by fire, so to speak. You may well have the cock jammed up against the top of your uterus and against your cervix until you get it figured out."

That gave her a moment of pause, but only a moment. She was determined to do this. She had gotten past the abuse of men, found the love of a man, a woman; she moved to the discovery of dogs, both oral and fucking; she moved to oral with a horse; and, now, she wanted to move to fucking a horse, even if a smaller version. She wasn't looking for any limits. She was looking for where she might go, what she might do, the experiences she might find.

Bobbi was standing at the entry to the stall with the pony on a lead. Annie looked up from her thinking, and smiled, then gave a single nod. She lay back on the blanket covered bale and wiggled her finger to indicate her desire for the pony to be brought to her. It was obvious just looking at her that she was highly stimulated. As she opened her legs and then stretched them out for the horse to pass over her, the lips of her pussy shined with the moisture of her arousal.

Bobbi and Jake exchanged looks. Bobbi was very nervous. She was initially as excited as Annie about the idea of her fucking the pony, but now she was having second thoughts. Jake touched her arm, then squeezed it and smiled. It was a silent assurance that together they would try to watch over her. Bobbi continued forward with the pony. It hesitated at moving over the woman, but Annie put her hand on its chest and encouraged him to continue.

Bobbi and Jake were both crouched down, their hands on the animal to provide their own ease and assurance to it. The long cock was already out as it approached the young woman, but was not fully hard. Bobbi reached out and lifted it so it would touch on Annie's stomach. It slid along her body as the pony moved forward, Annie's own hands shifting to the cock and flared head as it moved over her body. In her hands, the cock hardened, not only firming in those moments, but also going to its full length. The pony was encouraged back until the head slipped off Annie's body and fell between her legs. Annie spread her legs, raising her knees and spreading her feet out and up onto the front of the flanks where she adjusted her feet until she had solid support. They looked across Annie's body, under the animal, at each other and nodded. They were ready if Annie was.

Annie looked down her body, her forehead bumping into the animal above her. She glanced at each of her partners and nodded her assent. She was ready. Holding onto the end of the cock, she rubbed the head along her pussy and spread her knees out further, as far as she could move them. She pressed the head against her pussy. She moved it and turned it, folding the mushroom shaped head into her. The animal could feel this new sensation on his cock. He moved forward on his own, pressing against this new feeling, a feeling of something warm and enveloping around his cock, different than the sensation before of a mouth. He pressed against her, seeking more of the sensation, seeking deeper into this experience.

Annie used her feet and legs as Jake had suggested and found that she could easily control the depth. She eased the animal into her. As she pushed she moved back along the blanket, not wanting too much penetration too soon. With the head just inside her, she gasped out. To her it was like taking the knot from the dogs. She felt stretched and full, deliciously full, just like with the knot. She took a deep breath and released pressure on the horse with her feet. The horse, sensing the release of resistance, moved forward only to again feel resistance. But, this time he felt his cock deep and more of it encased in that wonderful feeling of warmth and embrace. Annie, for her part, felt the fullness deeper inside her uterus. Unlike the knot which was essentially restricted to the front of her pussy at the opening, the head of this cock was going deeper and deeper as she allowed it.

She repeated this release of pressure and slow application of pressure to take more of the cock into her. And each inch, micro-inch, of penetration elicited gasps of new sensations. Never, of all the cocks she had been penetrated with had given her such feelings, such overwhelming, encompassing, and overpowering sensations. The cock bumped into the end of her uterus. After releasing pressure on the pony's flank, it pressed firmly but jammed into the end of her canal, also jamming into her cervix, eliciting a cry that scared Bobbi and Jake until they saw the expression on her face. Her mouth was wide open, her eyes, shut comfortably, but both showing pleasure and glee. Her hands were on the sides of the animal, stroking it like a lover in the midst of the most intense and pleasurable union, which was indeed the obvious case. Her feet and legs made a final adjustment to the depth of penetration and the horse took over, his hips pulling back, then pressing forward.

Bobbi and Jake watched alongside her in awe. The appearance was as if she was being ravaged, maybe destroyed, by that huge cock moving in and out of her. Appearances were just as obviously deceiving. She cried out in joy as her pussy relaxed around the cock and the sensation of her body stretched to tearing eased until the sensation was of only being fucked with a constant feeling of fullness and consuming pleasure. She lifted her ass off the bale and the new angle put her over the edge. She came with a power of experience that made Bobbi look at her with wonder and longing.

She knew, at that moment, that she too was going to fuck this animal. Annie's threw her legs up along the sides of the animal in complete abandonment to the cock inside her. The pony, for his part, must have been taken aback by the changes he felt on his cock as the woman encased around it went into convulsions, her pussy clenching and squeezing uncontrollably. Her legs and arms fell to the sides as she nearly blacked out, her breathing ragged with gasping breaths, her limbs and body shaking and quivering.

But, no sooner did her body relax then the animal resumed fucking into her. The easing of the tightness around his cock relaxed and he pressed on. Annie gave out a long and soulful moan as her pussy received a resumption of the pounding that had put her into a heavenly experience. Consciously or not, her feet resumed their position and she took renewed control of the depth, only needing a few times of having the cock jammed into the end of her pussy to remind her.

The pony was increasing his effort in fucking his cock into the pussy around him. Bobbi and Jake looked from each other to Annie, wondering at what point they intervene. How would they know to stop this if she was going to be hurt? But the look on Annie's face was not one of being hurt. Instead, they could see that she was again rising to another orgasm, riding the cock with more abandon than before. Every time the cock rammed into her, she moved a bit. With a man, it might be that his hips were hitting her, but in this case that wasn't it at all. Driven into her, there was still cock showing outside of her pussy. Every time she was moved by the thrust, it was the cock bottoming out inside her, but her face reflect pleasure ... ecstasy.

It wasn't long before the pony came and when it did Annie came with it for the second time. Her hips rose off the bale, taking him as deeply as possible, and as her legs and body shook in her orgasm, cum shot out of her pussy, squeezing out around the massive cock imbedded in it.

Annie lay quiet underneath the animal, her arms and legs splayed to the sides. The cock buried in her slowly softened and withdrew, leaving a puddle of horse cum under her ass. Bobbi took a wet cloth, cleaned the cock, and returned the pony to the corral for food and water. Returning to the stall, she stood alongside Jake. He put his arm around and cupped her breast with his hand. They didn't comment, but if they had shared their thoughts they would have agreed that what they just witnessed was the hottest thing they had seen. And, Bobbi promised herself that she would experience that someday soon.

The work on the new pole barn and the remodeling in the house began. They are all looking forward to the building to house the cars and trucks so they were out of the sun when not in use. As much as they were anticipating the new pole barn, it was nothing like their anticipation of the remodeling of the house. Jake had designed a larger bathroom with three sinks, a tub large enough for two, and a shower large enough for all three of them. The shower would have sprayers on both ends. It seems like an extravagance for the desert, but they had been conservative in their energy and resource use. Jake argued that showering together should save on water usage. Bobbi wasn't so sure about that if they were playing while in the shower. But, she wasn't going to argue. She liked the idea of sharing as much as the other two.

Matt proved to be an excellent resource in the construction and remodeling work. He quickly became a comfortable and trusted fixture managing the work and performing a lion's share of it. In the process, the relationship with him and Kaye strengthened quickly.

After a couple of weeks, the concrete slab for the pole barn had been poured, the columns raised into place, and the roof joists and the wall studs installed. The new building was shaped like a pole

barn but was lower since it would only house the cars, trucks, and other vehicles. Large doors on either end and ventilation under the room overhangs would provide air circulation and a natural airflow. The large contractor with the heavy equipment was scheduled to put the corrugated metal sheeting on the roof and sides over the next couple days. Then it would be left to Matt to complete the inside, finishing construction and wiring. Jake has given him the key to the gate at the end of the drive for his ease of getting to and from the ranch to work. He had also been given the responsibility of scheduling the other contractor. Matt was always the first to arrive and the last to leave, opening and locking the gate.

Matt was cleaning up after a long day in the pole barn. As he pulled out of the yard, he waved to Annie who appeared on the front porch, and headed down the dirt drive toward the gate. On the way, though, he turned over in his mind the usual shutdown routine and couldn't remember turning the spare generator off. He was pretty sure he had, because even the idling noise should have alerted him, but Jake had been very good to Kaye and himself and he didn't want to take a chance. He turned around at a wide spot and returned to the yard. He checked the generator, which was turned off, and prepared to leave again, but he heard something unusual in the barn. Intent on finding the source of the noise, he walked to the open doorway of the barn. The sun was bright and the inside of the barn was darker. By contrast, the barn seemed darker than it really was. He had to step inside, out of the sun, in order to see. He had been quiet, not knowing what might have been making the noise. As his eyes adjust ... he found Annie ... naked ... mounted by one of the dogs.

But, when Annie sensed more than saw a change in the light ... she shrieked!

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## CHAPTER TEN

Jake and Bobbi step out of the house when they hear the shriek. Not knowing where it came from or why, they stop on the porch and listened. They didn't hear anything more, but they were surprised to see Matt's truck next to the new pole barn. They understood Matt to have left a few minutes ago. It wasn't just an understanding, they heard his truck crunching on the dirt and gravel as it moved down the slope and down the valley. But, there it was.

Jake was just about to go to the new pole barn when they saw Matt slowly, stumbling backwards, moving from the old barn's door, staring at something inside. They looked at each other and immediately thought of Annie. They had warned her about not only being naked, but also about being sure nobody could be around while the construction was going on. The shriek wasn't something that would have come from Matt's mouth, so it must have been Annie.

They ran alongside Matt, and looking inside the barn, they saw what he saw. Annie was tied to the dog, her head on the hay, covered by her arms, and crying. Bobbi rushed into the barn and fell to her knees at Annie's head. She looked down her body, verifying that she was indeed tied to the dog, and lifted Annie's head, moving it to her lap, stroking her hair and talking to her quietly.

Outside, Matt tried to explain. "I'm sorry, Jake. I'm sorry. I didn't know ... I came back because I couldn't remember turning off the generator ... that was the only reason. If only I had remembered, because I had. After I checked and walked back to the truck, I heard something ... something from the barn. I couldn't identify the sound, so I went to check it out ... found Annie."

Inside the barn, Bobbi was still working to stabilize Annie. With all the attention and fussing, the dog was as anxious to release the woman as everyone else was to have her released. When the knot finally pulled from her body, Annie crawled shamefully into Bobbi's arms.

"I'm so STUPID!" She looked up at Bobbi embarrassed, humiliated. "You two have warned me to be careful, why couldn't I have listened? I should have waited a little longer to be sure ... but, I thought Matt was gone. I saw him leave. Oh, my god, Bobbi! He must think I'm an awful slut ... or worse ... he found me with an animal ..."

"Annie, are you ashamed to love an animal? I didn't think you would ever be."

"No, but ... what is he going to think about you guys, too?"

"Jake is talking to him. Let's wait and see ... okay?"

Outside, Matt was still trying to explain his hesitation to Jake. He explained more, that he wasn't shocked, but curious ... not because he was being a voyeur, but ... well ... "When I came back and heard something in the barn, I went to look. At first, I couldn't see anything from being in the sunlight looking into the darker barn. So, I stepped inside ... then, I saw. At first, she didn't see me. I just watched. It wasn't shock ... it was ... well, interest. It was about Kaye ... a while back, the girls came to the store when I was fixing the air conditioner. Kaye was complaining about being hot. I think it was Annie who giggled and suggested she lose the belt on the dress, open a few buttons and take off her underwear. Kaye was kind of surprised but after the girls left, she did it. I have to tell you, those breasts of hers ... well, without a bra, she really jiggles and sways. Anyway, it made both of us so hot thinking that she was working the store naked under her dress. Ever since, she goes like that whenever she can. We've been like horny kids ever since. Anyway, that was to lead up to finding Annie. Kaye and I started sharing fantasies ... sex was something we were getting adventurous with, again ... and one of hers was animals, but specifically dogs. She was afraid I thought it was gross and wasn't something any woman really did, just one of those ... what are they ... urban legends. When I saw Annie mounted by the dog, I realized it wasn't just an urban legend, but that some women really do it. I just stood there watching because I was trying to figure out how to tell Kaye. I'm sorry, Jake. I know I embarrassed Annie. What can I do? I feel awful."

"Wait, let me talk to Bobbi about how Annie is doing. This has certainly gotten weird. But, I don't see how you could be at fault in any way, Matt."

Jake was shaking his head as he entered the barn. Annie saw him coming and got up off the floor, brushing the hay from her body. She walked to stand before him contritely. "I'm sorry, Jake. It was my fault, not Matt's. He was only doing what he should have for our sake. He was watching over our interests. I know ... I should have given his leaving more time."

"Well, I agree, but Matt does feel bad. I also learned some interesting things that both of you should know." He relayed the conversation he just concluded with Matt, which included the information about Kaye's fantasy. They agreed on three things: they all liked Matt and Kaye; they thought it would be fun to introduce the lifestyle to another woman; and, since she created this situation, Annie should talk to Matt about coming to dinner soon for an open discussion about possibilities. Well, they all agreed except for the last part. Annie had some reservations.

"But, I'm naked."

Jake just laughed as he guided her toward the barn door by the elbow. "Kind of late to worry about that now, don't you think. That's like closing the barn door after the cow gets out."

Bobbi looked at him as they walked Annie out, "I can't believe you actually used that line."

He laughed, again. "I can't either."

They walked through the opening of the barn door in plain view of Matt, causing him to get additionally embarrassed, his eyes diverting to the ground in front of him. Annie walked right up to him, standing where he couldn't avoid seeing her.

"You can look, Matt. I'm the one who caused this uncomfortable situation. I am sorry to put you through that." His gaze rose from the ground and her feet, up along her body to her face, which he saw was giving him a smile. "I think ... we think ... that under the circumstances we need to have you and Kaye here for a talk so we all understand what has happened and could happen going forward. We'd like you two to come for dinner." She reached up and kissed his cheek, pressing her naked body against him. "Talk to Kaye and let us know tomorrow. Be honest with her about what happened and tell her that I, we, will explain everything to whatever extent she needs."

After Matt was out of sight, Bobbi looked at Annie and giggled. She touched Jake's arm, kissed him on the cheek, and turned to the barn and whistled for the dogs. "Now I am really horny. Dinner is going to have to wait." She was pulling her T-shirt over her head and undoing her bra. Annie giggled, quickly kissed Jake, and ran after her. Once Annie caught up, they sprinted into the barn like they couldn't wait another second.

Jake watched them disappear into the barn and he called after them, "You know, I could have helped with that issue ..."

He heard Bobbi yell back from inside the barn, "You will, dear. But, later." He heard both of them giggle, again.

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Driving down the dirt track to the gravel road, Matt tried to work out in his mind how he was going to bring this up to Kaye. They were right, of course, he needed to explain what happened, the conversations, what he saw, and the reason for the dinner. What was it that Annie had said? At the time, he hadn't thought much of it, but 'talk so we all understand what has happened and could happen going forward' was telling him something. He felt that 'could happen going forward' sounded like a potential invitation. He really did need to talk to Kaye.

"You saw what?!?"

Matt had decided that the best course was to just blurt out what had happened. He never got past seeing Annie naked in the barn before Kaye's incredulous exclamation brought him to a stop. He got her to pay attention by promising that Annie, Jake, and Bobbi were understanding of what happened ... more than understanding, as a matter-of-fact. When he had completely relayed the details of what he saw, his conversation with Jake, and his conversation with all of them after, she was calmer, but much more curious.

"Matt! You told him about my fantasies? Matt, that was between just us."

"You mean it wasn't true? You said it was something you wished you can try."

"Well ... I did ... I do ... but telling someone else ..."

He slipped his arm around her, feeling her bare butt and back under the button-up dress. He just loved that she now spent so much time dressed this way. It made him feel like a teenager, again. And, she seemed to respond to him like an equally horny teenager.

His fingers moved to the buttons of her dress. She was deep in her thoughts of what she had just

heard, rolling the words over in her mind, pulling on threads of suggested meaning, and considering the implications. Her dress had been unbuttoned nearly to her waist when she realized and slapped, playfully, at his hands. She didn't stop his hands, though, when they moved inside to caress her bare breasts. She looked into his eyes and face, appreciating the touch but wanting to understand at the same time.

"So ... at the end, they didn't seem upset or ashamed?"

"No." His fingers were moving over her nipples. "Jake was concerned about my reaction after it was determined what had happened. The fact that the dog was fucking her wasn't his issue, it was my reaction to having seen it."

"You think they were comfortable with that activity, then."

"Definitely. I mean, Annie came out of the barn naked to talk to me. I tried not to stare, but ... honey, the insides of her thighs were glistening from wetness."

"And, it was Annie who said we need to join them for dinner and talk about all that? And, she's the one who made the comment about going forward?"

"What should I tell them?"

"Tell them? Tell them we'll come anytime they can have us!"

Matt laughed and took her into his arms, his arms inside her dress. It didn't take much more to have her dress puddled at her feet. He gave her bare butt a playful smack as he moved to the store door to lock it and hang the "Closed" sign.

He found her on the bed, the cover pulled down, her legs bent at the knees and splayed out to the sides. He quickly stripped out of his clothes and dove between her legs. He brought her to a nice orgasm with his lips and tongue before climbing up her body and penetrating her. He was always pleased if he could bring her to two orgasms when they made love. That night was no different.

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Jake confronted the women after speaking with Matt. He and Kaye were excited to accept their offer to meet, dine, and discuss. Matt explained in detail what had happened and Kaye was very excited to pursue discussion with the women.

Jake had several questions for them in advance of the dinner, however. "What if things progress further than discussion? What if things progress further than the dogs?"

Bobbi looked at Annie and puzzled, looked to Jake. "I guess I assumed once the discussion got started that it could lead to participation, specifically with the dogs. But, what do you mean 'further than the dogs'? Do you mean the pony?"

He chuckled, "I didn't think of the pony. The experience here is changing. But, I was thinking about human. What if there was an inclination by some to share with each other?"

Annie, "Us with them?"

He nodded. "I'm not suggesting it or promoting it. I'm just wondering."

They both shrugged, "Yeah ... I mean if it was natural and comfortable, why not. We like them,



they're honest and easy people. We've certainly gotten closer since the construction." Annie giggled, "And, if we get involved with animals together, we'll be a lot closer."

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The night of the dinner was casual and easy. At the end of the day, Matt went home to clean up and to get Kaye. They arrived as the steaks were just finishing and the sides were prepared. The women met them with cold beers and hugs. Bobbi pointed Matt to the back where Jake was tending to the steaks while they took Kaye into the house. The night was comfortable so they had a table setup in the back.

The meal was good and the conversation relaxed and evasive of the reason for the night. Once everyone appeared to be finished with the meal, though, Jake suggested they clear off the food and bring out more beer.

Once everyone was again settled at the table with cold beers, Jake breached the subject. "We all know why we are here. The company is wonderful and I hope we do this many more times in the future, just because we like you." He raised his beer bottle and everyone clinked each other. "The subject is delicate to broach ... but we are aware of the subject matter. Matt found Annie in the barn. She was naked and mounted by one of the dogs. How's that for blurting it out?" They chuckled. "So, how do we start the intended discussion?"

It was quiet. They all knew Jake was right, but even with his blurting it out, it was hard to getting it going.

Annie took a deep breath, "Okay ... since I was the one who caused the stir ..." She looked at Kaye sitting across from her. She reached out her hand and Kaye reciprocated. Annie smiled at her. "I was a bad girl. I was supposed to wait until Matt was long gone. He is always the last of any construction guys. But that night, I didn't. I saw him leaving and I rushed into the barn."

Kaye was watching her as she spoke, then looked at Bobbi and Jake and back to Annie. "What you are saying is that that night wasn't anything unusual? I mean, naked in the barn, much less with the dog? You were a 'bad girl' not because of that but because you didn't wait long enough?"

Annie shyly answered, "Yes ..."

Bobbi interjected, "There is something you need to understand, Kaye. This little tart is naked just as much as she can be. This period of construction has really put a bind on her lifestyle."

"So, when you told me I would be cooler if I took off my underwear, that was because you are usually naked?" Annie simply nodded. "I should have known when you giggled."

They all laughed. Annie picked it up with everyone more comfortable with the direction of the discussion. "Matt said you had fantasies and one of them is being sexual with animals, dogs in particular. Is that still true?"

Matt nudged Kaye's arm, "These are the ones who can give you the chance to find out."

Kaye looked around the table and visibly blushed. "Yes. It was and is still true. I couldn't even tell you where it came from. Maybe some story I read. I wasn't even sure that it was really done. But, it's true. You really are mated by the dogs? What's it like? God, I could have a million questions."

Annie smiled, "Yes, it is true, we are mated by the dogs. And, it is wonderful. But ..." She looks

around the table, "We'll answer all your questions, but why don't we show you at the same time? Let's get naked and move this to the barn."

Kaye looked shyly at Jake and Matt, but ended up nodding with a smile. She waited for the other two women to stand, then followed their lead. Annie led the way into the kitchen. The two men could only hear a lot of giggling, then the back door opened with Annie again leading the way out. They turned to the left and went straight for the barn door. They were all naked. Bobbi, the best whistler of the bunch, sent out a loud whistle, a single call that was followed shortly by the three dogs coming from different directions. The dogs still wandered, but since the women had moved in and started mating with them, their wanderings were generally closer to home.

There elbows were on the table, but their heads were turned to the women walking to the barn. Almost absentmindedly, Jake said, "What a beautiful sight!"

Matt looked across the table at him. "Are you being serious or funny?"

Jake looked over at him. Matt looked defensive and Jake considered his comment before responding. "Serious. All three of them are beautiful in their way. These three are like the Three Sisters Mountains in Oregon. All three of the mountains are different shapes, like our women. If they were all the same, it wouldn't be as striking. In their own way, they are beautiful." Matt put out his beer bottle and the two men clinked the necks.

They each grabbed another beer and followed the women. They stepped inside the barn and took up seats on the hay bales, out of the way, but in a good position to watch.

Matt leaned to Jake and whispered, "I can't believe I am going to see Kaye doing this." Jake just smiled. He knew how he felt. Even after many repeats, he still found it tremendously erotic.

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Walking into the barn, the three women were passed by the dogs as they rushed in to join them, eagerly aware of what the whistle indicated when the women were naked. Kaye chuckled, "Are they always so eager?"

Annie giggled, "Ever since the earliest times, yes. They are quick learners."

They knelt down on the hay covered section of the floor, each petting one of the dogs. Bobbi and Annie gave Kaye a run-down of what they had learned about mating with the dogs. They covered their own particular preference to make the dogs hard prior to being mounted and aiding them into their pussies. They talked about the knot and its purpose, but especially what it can feel like being stretched and being stuck together at the end that could last several minutes to more, but that it was all natural and a major part of being mated by a dog. Kaye asked questions, they laughed, they touched the dogs, and they touched each other.

Out of the corner of her eyes Kaye saw Matt and Jake sitting quietly and watching. She turned to Matt, thought for a minute, then got up and walked over to him. Her eyes were solely on Matt, seeming to not see Jake sitting next to him. Her attention was completely on Matt. As she walked to them, though, both men were very much aware of her. Her heavier body jiggled as she moved, her large breasts swayed and moved with each step. Matt was aware that though she was heavier than the other two, it was that solid kind of heavier and his earlier comment was reinforced as he watched approach.

She stopped in front of Matt. "Are you still okay with this, Matt? I don't want to do it unless you are

completely okay.”

“Did you change your mind?” She shook her head and blushed. “I’m more than okay, then. I want you to do it. Just thinking about it is the hottest thing ...” She stopped him with a kiss.

She turned to Jake, stepped to be in front of him, and took his hands in hers. She smiled at Matt and put Jake’s hands on her breasts. She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. “Thank you.” She turned and walked back to the other women. Jake looked at Matt and shrugged his shoulders. Matt quietly chuckled and shrugged back. Jake knew at that moment, though, that at some point, maybe not tonight, but sometime, the five of them would be sharing each other.

Annie and Bobbi got Kaye immediately on her knees and placed a dog on its side in front of her. She glanced behind her, smiled at Matt, and lowered her head to the dog’s cock just coming out of the sheath. They were all sucking dog cock and in moments all had hard cock in their mouths, each sucking the pre-cum out and sliding their mouths over the length.

Annie tapped Kaye on the shoulder and she knelt up, wiping the back of her hand over her mouth and chin. Her face was bright with excitement and anticipation. They moved her so the guys saw her side view on her hands and knees. The dog, without prodding or encouragement, began sniffing, licking at her ass. She was encouraged to open her knees more and the dog’s tongue found her pussy. Her head raised and her mouth dropped open as the dog licked again and again on her pussy, starting at her clit and pulling back along the entire length. She was moaning and gasping. Annie leaned close to her ear and whispered something the guys couldn’t hear.

Kaye gasped at the pleasure and said loudly, “Yes! Oh, god, this is good! Yes, next time ... next time I want to cum on his tongue! Now, though, I .... I want him inside.”

Bobbi leaned in and whispered something and Kaye immediately slapped her full ass. The dog recognized the command and pulled away but immediately jumped up onto Kaye’s back. Bobbi whispered again and Kaye’s hand went between her legs, found the cock stabbing at her, and helped it slide into her pussy. She cried out.

“Oh god ... oh god ... oh god ... OOOOOOOOOO! ... Ohhhhhhhh ... I’m ... I’mmmm ... I’m cummmmminnnnngggggg!!” She came at the initial penetration of the dog. Her fantasy realized completely in the first moment of penetration.

Jake looked over at Matt and found him with a face of pure love and bliss. His lover was experiencing something she had only dreamt about before.

The dog, of course, didn’t even slow down. He was inside a pussy and was gone for the races. The pussy around him clenching and trembling around his cock was just more motivation and stimulation for him.

Bobbi and Annie scrambled to their own knees and were soon also penetrated. All three women came as well as the dogs. Kaye came again when the knot pushed into her after feeling like she was being stretched to the point of tearing.

After each was released from the knotted tie, they rolled onto their backs. Bobbi and Annie reached for and took one of Kaye’s hands. Her eyes closed, her heart still racing and dog cum still flowing from her gaping pussy, Kaye mumbled, “My god, you guys. I’m hooked ...” They all laughed, even the guys.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

In their own interesting way, their life took on an inexplicable form of normalcy. At least, a form of normalcy that fit their lifestyle.

In the months that followed and stretched into more months, the ranch was less of a place of isolation from the world that had once been its purpose, and was more a home that was also a retreat, a place where love and peace were shared in everything that was a part of the place.

If Annie's experience wasn't forgotten, it became a milestone in her life, a marker that ended one period of experience and began another. She was a new woman in so many ways that it sometimes even surprised Jake and Bobbi, much less anyone who might have known her before then. While it was thought that she might at some point she might want to take up something of a career as she had been pursuing before, she found working the ranch very fulfilling and worthwhile. She was very happy being at the ranch, learning her way around the animals, chores, the house, and cooking. She had settled into a contented life that provided benefit to the others.

Bobbi continued in her pursuits with the Cochise County Sheriff's Department. Although, she had cut her shift back to half-time, she still enjoyed her job, and it was something she was good at and provided a benefit to the county in return. So, she continued with those responsibilities. It had the added benefit of tying the little group to the surrounding community, becoming the face of the group, as it were. Once the word spread that the two women were staying to live with Jake, there was a lot of curiosity and speculation. Having Bobbi publicly open and seen brought an ease to others, especially after finally getting the chance to meet Jake, which happened more and more.

Jake evolved, too. After two and a half years of living in the solitude of the place, thinking and wondering, thinking and wondering ... thinking about what had happened to his life and wondering what kind of life he might ever have again, he was evolving into realization that this was what he his life was and that, even if completely different, it was a life he found rewarding.

The introduction of animals into the sexual life of the ranch at first seemed like a novelty and a kinky, stimulating play to indulge in. The reality with time became different. Annie and Bobbi continued to enjoy the dogs and Kaye became an eager member of the group periodically. They both continued to play with the large male horses, laughing and reveling in the massive cums they received from them. Annie got Bobbi to try fucking the pony and she found it as amazing an experience as Annie assured her that it would be. The difference in all of it, though, was that Annie truly loved mating with the animals and would do so with or without Bobbi or Jake participating. Bobbi enjoyed it and looked forward to such experiences, but only with Annie participating.

The group came to an easy acceptance of the sexual appetites of each of the members. An easy acceptance, but not completely an understanding of what that difference was. Not until:

It had been a long and satisfying night. Somehow, Jake had managed to climax three times. That was a new record for him, if anyone was bothering to keep track. He had no idea what the women had done, but he was sure it was more than that, especially Annie. The dogs had been involved earlier. He had the sense that she might have managed each of the dogs just herself. He was definitely in awe of her sexual appetite. And, she was on top of him, again.

He smiled up at her, "You do know that I'm not going to cum again, right? You can use those marvelous pussy muscles to milk my cock all you want, but when it is dry, it is dry."

She bent over and kissed him, "Maybe ... but, you are still hard enough for me to fuck."

Bobbi came up from behind her, running her hand over the bare back of the woman, stopping to kiss her on the lips, then sitting on the couch next to Jake, turning to kiss him, before settling into a slouch. She too was naked. She handed her glass full of wine to Annie who stopped her up and down motion of her hips to take the glass and swallow some of the white wine, smacking her lips in appreciation.

Jake was slouched on the couch with Annie on her knees astride him as she raised and lowered her pussy over his aching cock. She had worked his cock with her mouth for the longest time after he had fucked Bobbi. That had been his third climax and he gave no hope of her having any success in creating any firmness after that. But, somehow, she had managed it and she quickly rearranged him and herself so she could have his cock inside her pussy once more time. The two women were wonderfully different, not just in their outward appearance and attitude, but in their sexuality. Bobbi was a strong woman, but was soft and tender in loving. She loved to be loved and to return love during the course of her sessions with Jake. The tenderness and attention to subtle intimacies were true turn-ons for both of them. Annie, was not as strong a woman generally, but in sex she was a dynamo. Although, Annie could and would love with tenderness and love, she was also very much into the orgasm. Jake and Bobbi had witnessed some of the most intense orgasms from her that they had ever imagined, much less seen or shared.

This night was Annie in overdrive, she didn't seem to get enough. The thing they had come to realize, though, was that this wasn't a rare, occasional kind of thing. This side of Annie was something that showed itself with more regularity, even if she didn't always express it or allow herself to release it.

Bobbi was pensive as she was half sitting, half lying next to Jake while Annie raised and lowered herself on Jake's cock in front of her. She watched the expression on Annie's face, the way her mouth moved from a smile to slightly opening to her tongue coming out and licking her lips. She watched how her breasts moved as she bottomed out on Jake and then reversed course, her breasts moving a beat or so delayed from the body they were attached to. She watched as the cock came into view under the woman, then disappeared back inside her. She watched all that, but that wasn't what she was so absorbed about. To her, sex had always been a private and personal expression. That is, until she was raped; then, it had become even more private and personal, on the rare occasions that it ever happened until Jake came along. Now, here she was involved with a woman for whom sex was out there, out in the open, shared and expressed with abandon. She was mating with dogs, giving horses hand-jobs, and even occasionally fucking the pony. She even got Bobbi to fuck the pony.

What had her concentrating was when, how, it had gotten to this point. Annie had been rather reserved when she first came to the ranch after ... after. She opened up to her and Jake, then the dogs ... She reached out and squeezed the closest nipple on Annie. They exchanged looks and smiles. Annie recognized something in Bobbi and asked.

Bobbi smiled, embarrassed at her thinking. "It's nothing ... well, I was just thinking about how sexual you are."

Annie stopped moving with her butt in contact with Jake's thighs. "How sexual I am? You mean, like ... like too sexual? Like, how can she be so sexual?"

"Honey, no. Nothing bad."

Jake reached up and took her face between his hands, pulling her to him to kiss. In the process, she rose up his cock and off. She smiled as she felt Bobbi align the cock for her to seat herself back onto

it. Jake, "I have felt it, too. I have seen it." He looked up at her, "How long have we been together here? Four or five months?"

"Men! Five months and eight days, if I was counting ..." She said it with a teasing smile.

He chuckled. He was doing nothing to fuck her, it was all her at this point. "I, too, am intrigued by your sexuality, your appetite for sex. I have seen more female orgasms in those five months and eight days than I might have seen in years and years of sexual activity before. And, a lion's share of them are from you; with me, with Bobbi, the dogs, the pony, and even watching you pleasure yourself. But, despite all that, all the orgasms and openness for sexual expression that we have seen, despite all that ... it's like you're not completely free. Do you feel what I am trying to express? Have you felt anything like that?"

She raised and lowered a few more times, looking at Jake, then Bobbi. Then, she stopped moving. "Yes, but ... if I am so sexual, how did you feel it?"

Jake smiled, grabbed Bobbi's hand and touched Annie's cheek. "Because sometimes you try to talk Bobbi into being with the dogs. You will mate with the dogs, but sometimes you hesitated and want Bobbi to join you. If she declines or cannot at the moment, you have sometimes looked disappointed. You go off to do some work, but you don't go to the dogs. It is even more so with the horses. As much as you do engage in sex around here with us and some of the animals, there are times you have seemed to hold back. Is that accurate?"

She shyly looked at them, her hips slowly moving, stopping, and moving. "Yes ... it's true."

"This is just us wanting to understand you. God knows we don't have a problem with sex around here. So ... can you tell us why you are holding back or reluctant sometimes?"

"I ... I ... don't want to seem ... look like a slut ..." She dropped her body into his, covering her face in his chest.

Bobbi stroked her back down to her ass. "Do you really think we would think badly of you?" She shook her head but didn't look up. "Do you believe we love you?" She nodded. "Do you believe our life would now be empty without you?" This time she raised her head and looked at each of them and nodded. She smiled at receiving smiles from each of them.

Jake put his finger under her chin and led her into a kiss. After, looking into her eyes, "You like to orgasm, your body just yearns for it." She nodded. "You like the feeling of your juicy pussy being full of cock." She nodded with a blush. He pushed her up and she sank back down on his cock. "That's what you like to feel, isn't it? A hard cock in your pussy, or your mouth on a pussy."

She sighed, then gasped and looked down at him, "Oh, god ... you're getting so hard! Yes! That's what I like to feel."

He smiled and felt Bobbi stroking his chest and stomach. "Yes, I am getting harder. You do that to us, sexy woman! You know what you are? A slut? Hmmm ... maybe our slut ... the ranch slut ... but, definitely, you are a living, breathing aphrodisiac. Your desire for sex inspires us, drives us, moves us to desire more sex ... more than I have ever desired before."

Bobbi quickly added her agreement, "Oh, Annie, you make me want to do things I had not believed before and I love it all!"

Annie looked from one to the other. Her hips started moving, again. "Your slut? The ranch slut?"

Jake pushed forward, "You know you are, but a positive thing, not negative. You are sexual, you know it. You said it yourself, you liked the threesomes with Tommy and his friends. As long as they were respectful. When that stopped, you stopped responding. Here, you have found a safe place where you can be ... just be the woman you are ... the woman you need to be." They watched as Annie rose and fell on his cock with increased drive, her hands moving to her breast, fingers to her nipples. She moaned and sighed as she fucked, he talked to her. "We can help you. We can help you be all that you desire to be, to release you fully, to realize everything you can be sexually."

She was pulling on her own nipples, twisting them, and bouncing on the cock deep in her pussy. "Help ... me ... yes, yes ... how? Help me ... how?" Her hands and body continued to move.

Jake's hand went between Bobbi's legs. She was soaking wet. He pressed on with Annie, "Allow yourself to do what your body and mind want. Allow us, Bobbi and me, to direct you, lead you, challenge you, and guide you to new things, more things. Let us fully bring the slut out in you, fully experience all the sexual release you desire, all the sexual release you didn't even realize you desired."

"Oh ... my god ... you are so hard, now! Yes ... OH GOD, yes!" She was bouncing with abandon. Bobbi took hold of one of her nipples and pulled hard, twisting it. Annie cried out as Jake pressed his hips up into her, a finger slipping between them, pressing against her clitoris, strumming it with his finger. She cried out and moaned, groaned, and gasped for breath. Her body went rigid on top of him, her back arching, her mouth opened as her head went back. She came! Her orgasm causing her body to shake and twitch.

When her orgasm released her, she collapsed onto him, his arms around her neck, Bobbi's arms around her body. She lay quietly, being stroked and loved, both her lovers whispering love into her ears, kissing her. She felt complete. She felt she was exactly where she needed to be.

She recovered, still lying on Jake's chest, his hands combined with Bobbi's still stroking her softly. She didn't want to move, not budge from where she was. But, there were things she wanted to know. She only turned her head to Bobbi's side, otherwise remaining plastered to Jake's body as his cock softened and slowly receded from her pussy. With the side of her face still on Jake, "I love you guys. I never knew what love really was until you guys. I don't ever want to leave."

They both continued to stroke her and kiss skin, "We love you, too. We love you with complete hearts and we don't ever want you to leave."

Annie squirmed into Jake as if that would bring her tighter than tight into him. "Explain: you'll release me to experience sex fully, even to experience sex I didn't know I desired."

Jake kissed her, "I will use the word for emphasis, not as a negative label. Be our slut, Annie. Be fully sexual in every way you imagine. If you find the desire to be with an animal, don't limit yourself by Bobbi's interest or desire at the moment. Don't be limited by us. Like I said, you stimulate us, excite us, and make us want to experience more for ourselves. But, also, and this is a difference, too, give yourself to us, give your body to us. Give yourself to us completely, without reservation, without guilt, and without conflict or struggle. Do you trust us with your body, mind, and being?"

She raised her head and looked at him, "Yes, completely, totally, without any reservation, guilt, or conflict in my being." She kissed his chest and put a hand out to Bobbi's face, which was lying on his shoulder to be close to them both. "What will you do to me with this new side to us?"

"Everything you have been doing, what we have been doing. We will think of new things. But, simply put ... we will use your body to bring you pleasure, to bring us pleasure, to bring the animals

pleasure, and, maybe, to bring others pleasure. Maybe Kaye and Matt. Maybe others." He looked into her face and eyes to gauge her reaction. She was thinking, but looked up at him and smiled, turned to Bobbi with the same smile. Jake continued, "But, this is important, we will always be gauging your acceptance in everything. We will push you, challenge you into new things sometimes, but you have final control.

"Why not just 'stop' or 'no'."

"Because ... think about it ... we take you to orgasms, one after the other, a long string of powerful orgasms and your mind is pleading for us to stop, but your body wants more and more. Your impulse would be to say 'stop' or 'no more'. And we stop. And you are frustrated because you wanted more. No, it has to be a word you wouldn't use ordinary, something that when we hear it, it means you really want us to stop."

Annie raised her shoulders and head off his chest. Her face was beaming and excited. "Bie! We'll use 'Bie'. I had a Chinese friend once. 'Bie' means 'don't'."

Bobbi asked her, "That's the word you want to use? So you want to do this?"

Annie put her head between theirs, kissing each way. "Jake's right, Bobbi. I thought I was sexual before. He's right, I did enjoy the threesomes and foursomes when it was just fun. But being here, with you guys, everything has stepped way up. I feel safe to experiment and release, but ... I was self-conscious about you guys. I admire and respect you so much that I didn't want to ... look obscene or cheap. That's why I wanted you to do things with me. What you are proposing now, it releases me. Yes, I want to do this. Don't worry, though, I'll pull my weight around here. But ... I'll be the best slut you could want. I can't wait!"

Jake smiled and patted her ass. "Okay, then ... we'll see in the morning if you feel the same way."

Annie slept between them that night. Her sleep was the sleep of someone without a worry or concern ... and a body that was exhausted.

She woke in the morning to an empty bed and sunlight outside. She had slept well past normal for working on a ranch. She smelled coffee and bacon. And, she could hear faint, quiet voices through the closed bedroom door. She stretched her body out and wondered why they left her in bed and bothered to close the door.

The hardwood floor creaked as she approached the entrance to the kitchen. They were sitting at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and nibbling at muffins, the smell of which were fighting the bacon for dominance. She was instantly ravenous. Jake got up and pulled a chair out from the table for her while Bobbi got up to get her a mug of coffee. She then went back to the stove and cooked up eggs to go with the bacon and muffins. She brought the food and more coffee to the table and they ate. Not much had been said, certainly not about what was discussed the night before. Another thing stood out to Annie: She came out naked as usual, but they had put on some clothes. They had a minimal cover, perhaps, Jake in boxers and Bobbi in a T-shirt, but they were covered. Not her. It seemed somehow to be deliberate, a subtle distinction.

When they were finished eating, Bobbi and Jake turned to look directly at her and they waited. Annie felt their attention, like an expectation. They didn't say anything; didn't give her anything to respond to. They were waiting for her to finish the discussion from last night. Yea or nay ...

Annie sipped her coffee and glanced over the rim of the mug at them, checking their eyes, their faces, their expressions for any sign indicating what they were thinking this morning. Did their

attitudes change overnight? They certainly had time to discuss it this morning. They showed no sign of anything, not either way. She thought, considered comments, openings, and statements. How to do this? She knew what her answer was ... it hadn't changed from last night. Not with these two. What they had suggested, proposed, last night was little different than what those men had tried to put on her. Little different except a one huge difference ... these two loved her, respected her, and cared for her. And, they were doing this for her. Yes, they would reap pleasure from it, too. But, as an outcome of her own pleasure and discovery.

That defined how she would respond to them, how she would confirm last night.

"My two lovers ..." She stood up before them, "I freely and eagerly give my body and very being to you. I do this understanding that you will use my body to give me pleasure and to achieve your own pleasure. I understand that my body can and will be used for the pleasure of our animals as you may see proper. I understand that my body can be used for the pleasure of others. For now, I would like that limited to Matt and Kaye." She took a deep breath, "I also understand that I have a safe word to use. That safe word is 'Bie'. Using the safe word will bring all activity to a halt." She looked at each of them, not for a reaction from them, she didn't expect one, it had been covered last night. She merely was giving herself a moment to consider if she was forgetting anything. Satisfied, she smiled at them and finished, "I love you, both of you. I trust in your love of me. After this moment ... I don't expect to ever utter the word 'Bie' again."

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

Bobbi would be even later if she didn't get ready and leave. She wanted to stay until Annie woke up and they received her response to the discussion last night. The three were overjoyed and excited about the prospects that this new stage in their relationship might represent.

Annie stood on the front porch, naked, and waved to Bobbi as she maneuvered her Sheriff's cruiser down the rough and rotted trail that was their driveway to the gravel road a half mile down the valley. Annie stepped down off the porch, onto the dirt ground, spread out her arms to the world before her, and took in the invigoration of the morning. She often had spent time naked in and around the house, barn, and buildings. So this wasn't entirely unusual, but she had the sense that there should be something different about it after the commitment she just made to them.

Jake came out of the house and looked down on her. She was a beautiful woman and always had been to him. This morning, though, she seemed to be radiating something out into the world around her. None of the three of them had any real idea what they had just committed to happening. Somehow, though, they were going to further liberate this woman in experiencing the things she thrived on.

He stepped down to the ground and put his arm around her shoulder, his hand lightly stroking her opposite arm. "What's on your schedule today?"

She looked up at him, lay her head on his shoulder. Then she turned to look across the valley and pointed to the far side. "I'm in the process of surveying the fence-line around the property. Today I had planned on the eastern section that runs near the ridge on the other side of the valley."

"Good. Of what you have seen so far, how bad is it?"

She thought for a moment, "Not that bad, really. Mostly posts that are so old that the staples aren't holding the wire. For the most part, the barbed wire looks strong. We might get by with just

replacing posts that are bad.”

“How are you for markers? Do you need more?”

“I would have, but I dyed and dried another old sheet yesterday. I’ll cut it up before heading out this morning.” They had agreed to use yellow cloth as markers to identify sections of fence needing repair. She was also keeping a running tally of length of wire and number of posts affected. She turned in his arm, pressing her front into his. “So ... what’s supposed to be different about today versus yesterday?”

He smiled, “You mean until you are led to the pen to fuck the goat?”

“That’s the next animal, huh? I wonder what that will be like?”

“Kind of what this is all about, right? You’ll find out.” They both smiled and hugged. She broke the hug to kiss him.

“The very thought of what you and Bobbi might suggest will keep me excited. But, yes, until I fuck the goat ...”

“For one thing ... I’ve asked you to stay around the house or buildings if you are naked. Now, that ends. Stay naked all the time. As long as the people at the ranch are known and know about this new arrangement ... meaning Kaye and Matt, for now. As it gets cooler and cold as winter comes, we’ll have to figure something out. Maybe a poncho type covering. The idea, though, is that you are easily available.” She was watching his face. He smiled at her, “The dogs won’t be mounting you if you are wearing jeans.” She smiled back, her eyes showing a thought or image going through her mind.

“So ... even over there, at the next ridge, wherever on the property ...”

“Yes. I also want to be sure you have at least one of the dogs with you when you are away from the buildings. They will warn you in case of a snake, coyote, or stranger.”

She looked over at the barn where the dogs often were. “Not to mention the other thing ...” Jake chuckled. He thought to himself that the other thing with the dogs really didn’t need mentioning to her. They were already regular partners with her.

Annie came out of the house after getting ready for the day. Getting ready just became a whole lot easier. Socks, riding boots, and her hair in a ponytail. She went to the barn to get the horse saddled only to find it ready. Jake stood holding the horse by the bridle, it was saddled and the bag of cloth strips looped around the saddle horn. He handed her the reins and she protested mildly.

“You said I should get proficient at saddling the horse.”

“I did. And, you have become proficient. Besides, I like doing things for a pretty lady.”

You got her left foot into the stirrup, bounced once, and swung her right leg over. She knew she flashed him. She looked down at him as she settled onto the saddle, the feeling a little different knowing this naked ride wasn’t just around the corral. She looked at him, “Yes, I’m sure ... especially a naked woman.” He laughed as she directed the horse out the door and down the trail that was the drive. She was a hundred yards away when she heard Jake yelling something to her. She turned the horse and trotted back to the yard.

“Nothing. I just wanted to fix the image of you riding like that in my mind.”

She felt like she blushed and her free arm went across her breasts. "They are going to bounce; I can't do anything about that."

"I know. That's the image I wanted to get fixed in my mind!"

She shook her head and turned the animal back down the valley. Men! But, her smile covered her face. How could she complain? As much as he has seen her naked and he still wants to see more ...

She heard gravel being disturbed behind her and looked back. Two dogs were trotting along after her. She thought, 'Hmmm ... he wants me naked and dogs with me at all times away from the yard ... it wasn't going to be my fault if I didn't get as much work done.'

She stopped the horse at the top of the last rise before the trail dropped off to the gate below and the gravel road another 100 yards beyond that. She looked at the fencing that paralleled the road, knowing that it hadn't been inspected yet. There wasn't much traffic on that road, but there was some. If she inspected the fence there while on the horse and naked, someone was likely to see her. Was she ready for that? She didn't think so. Not yet. Maybe Jake could inspect that section. Or Bobbi. They'd be dressed. Instead, she cut diagonally across the land for the northeast corner of the property. The front fence cut inward near there to avoid an outcropping of rock and she would have some protection from the view from the road. From there she would follow the fence south, up the mountain side and follow it. The fence on the east side went nearly to the top of the ridge. She wondered why the land was sectioned just short of the top of the ridge, but had never asked. She doubted that Jake would know either. The property had been originally surveyed and purchased nearly a hundred years ago.

She galloped across the open range land, the dogs running to keep up. Her intention was to get to the eastern edge before any vehicle happened along. She then hoped to quickly inspect that stretch of the fence and get over the first rise, giving her more distance from the road. She wasn't to be so fortunate. She had to dismount numerous time just in the first dozen or so fence sections to mark both bad wire and damaged posts. Luckily for her, she thought anyway, there continued to be no traffic on the road. It proved to be a worry for nothing, but she couldn't tell her heart rate that. Before she managed to put some distance between her and the road, she battled to keep her nerves and pulse under control. It was exciting, though. She recognized just how exciting it had been for her despite the fear she felt. Jake had called her an exhibitionist when she liked to walk around naked. While getting back onto the horse, she could see evidence of just how exciting it had obviously been for her, despite her fears. There was a nice sized wet spot on the saddle where she sat. All she could do, then, was smile, check behind her toward the road, and proceed on up the slope checking the fence line.

She had worked her way up the slope, reaching the ridge and traveled along it when she found a particularly damaged section of fencing. It was in a location that would have been difficult for the cattle or horses to reach, but it would need repairing regardless. She marked the section for wire and post replacement, then noted it appropriately in her log.

It was nearly noon according to the placement of the sun directly above her. She saw some shade cover just beyond the fence. She took off the backpack strapped to the saddle and helped the dogs under the wire. She moved to the shade, which was just low scrub trees, but sufficient if she was practically horizontal. That thought wasn't unwelcome, though, it had been a hard morning. She was surprised at how riding all morning naked felt. The saddle was smooth and comfortable, but her skin rubbed differently than through jeans.

She drank water and pour some into a bowl for the dogs. She ate lightly, a half sandwich and an

apple. She discovered that small portions were managed by her body much better when she was working hard. The protein bars and jerky she also carried were great in-between boosters.

She was lounging in the shade, giving herself time to rest. The day was beautiful and being higher in the mountains brought a slightly cooler aspect to the day. She found the activity to be tiring. The constant leading the horse around cactus and brush, while keeping sharp eye on the fence, dismounting to inspect closer, tying strips of cloth when required to mark damage, then remounting. She was just short enough that she needed to bounce to get her foot into the stirrup and then up into the saddle. It was a good workout. She was daydreaming, thinking how her life had changed. She wiggled out from under the scrub and gazed across the valley. She saw the house and the other buildings and the ridge behind them. She mused; just past that ridge and down the slope was the spot she had been buried. Jake had found her and dug her out. She reached over to the two dogs with her. She pet their heads. Thank god for Jake being there, but ... thank god for the dogs who were really the ones who found her. It was them, their insistent whines, that had attracted Jake's attention and discovery.

She absentmindedly tried to get up, forgetting who she was with. Her head went into the branches above her. She dropped to the ground causing the dogs to scurry out away from her sudden movement. She rolled over onto her hands and knees to back out from under the scrub. She was nearly out when one of the dogs jumped onto her back. She grunted with the impact, but laughed. Naked on her hands and knees. Sooner or later, right?

The dog started to immediately hump into her. This felt awkward to her. It wasn't at all the way she and Bobbi had developed for mating with the dogs. His cock was barely sticking out from his sheath, but the bony structure of the cock was poking around her ass seeking her pussy. In that moment of reflection, though, this was the way they would mate with bitches, she hesitated in doing anything but simply be the bitch underneath him. He stabbed and stabbed before finally finding her opening. Once he felt her moist sleeve around him, he became frantic in humping, but soon pulled out and stepped away after additional failed attempts at penetrating her again. He walked around to her side and around her. Annie knew for sure at that moment why their method had worked so well.

She knelt up, reached out to the dog, and hugged it to her. "It's okay, boy. You tried. Let's do it my way now, okay?" With that she patted the ground in front of her. She did it to both dogs. They were familiar with this signal and understood her intention. They had all been the recipients of the outcome of this before. Both dogs came to her, lay down on the ground on their sides, and allowed her to pull their rear-ends around to be positioned the way she wanted. She went to work on both dogs at the same time, but was more focused on the one who had mounted her. Shortly, she had his cock out of the sheath sufficiently and turned to position herself to him, but keeping the other dog in front of her. She patted her ass and the dog remounted her, this time with her assistance. His cock slid easily and smoothly into her pussy. She moaned at the feeling, the different shape, the heat that seem to emanate from it. Now, when he again felt her moist, warm sleeve around his cock, he again started frantically to thrust into her, this time without pulling out. She waited for the dog to thrust several time, then go through the predictable repositioning of himself on her back, before she returned her attention to the dog on the ground in front of her.

She was positioned so that she could look down the slope to the valley floor below. At first, it was just something she noticed as being there, but then she pulled her face from the dog's groin and purposely looked across the valley. She was mounted by one dog furiously fucking her, the other dog on the ground in front of her ... and she could look out and see the house and other building below. She almost came right then! She felt so open, exposed, and obvious. In truth, she wasn't. Even if Jake were to think of looking for her, it would only be him, and he would have difficulty seeing her at this distance. It did nothing to diminish the feeling, however.

The dog continued to fuck into her and she continued to toy with the other cock. She had no intention of making him cum, she wanted that to happen inside her pussy. When she felt the knot start stretching her pussy, her moan was around the other dog's cock in her mouth. She raised her head from the dog, bore down and pushed against the cock behind her. She grunted in effort to pass the knot, feeling her pussy being stretched in the effort. When it finally did, she cried out. But, she returned to the cock in front of her, preparing it to be the next one to fuck her.

She presented a solid object to be fucked into. After having fucked dogs for months now, this seemed to her to be the best. Trying to mimic their intense motion was futile and produced a chaotic dance that was unproductive. Holding herself steady against the thrusting behind her worked the best. Once the knot was inside, she felt it growing inside her pussy, her opening closing around it, trapping it inside her. Soon, she felt the cock spasm, twitch, and jerk inside her. The first sensation of the cock spurting its cum into her pussy, she joined him in a climax.

While knotted to the first dog, she rejoined her effort in keeping the second dog hard and ready. The knot no sooner pulled out of her and the second dog was moving to her ass. Before mounting her, however, she felt his tongue at her pussy and ass. It felt good to her and she knew that he may proceed for a little while unless she interrupted him, which she was in a hurry to do. The dog was licking up the leaking mixture of juices coming from her gaping pussy hole. His tongue penetrated inside every now and then, sending an additional chill of pleasure through her body.

She moved slightly, repositioning her knees on the hard ground, but the dog took that as a desire from her for him to be mounted. And, he did. He simply raised his snout from her exposed pussy and jumped onto her back. Once again, she was full of dog cock.

After being released by this second dog, she fell to the ground. She smiled and exhaled sharply. She had never been so dirty as she could become while fucking the animals. Then, a bad thought crossed her mind as she remembered the description of her when Jake found her buried. So, aside from that awful instance, the animals gave her a recurring effect of being covered in sweat, dirt, and cum. Her smile returned to her face.

She rolled over and got to her feet. She returned the bag and backpack to the horse, then looked around, prepared to step into the stirrup. She looked up the little remaining slope and her curiosity took hold of her. She crossed the fence, again, and climbed the remaining slope to the ridge with the dogs. She stood at the top of the mountain, the fence line on one side and empty land stretching out before her on the other. From her recollection of maps, she thought she should be able to see New Mexico from this location. There certainly wasn't anything, natural or man-made, between her and the state line.

An odd feeling passed over her. She was standing on top of the world for all practical purposes in riding boots and gloves on her hands. It felt like she was exposed to the entire world and God. At the same time, it felt freeing and natural. It felt empowering and liberating. She put her arms out from her body to try to experience that feeling even deeper. She turned back the other way and looked down at the house and yard, then up the mountain behind the house, and over the land stretching to the west. Somewhere out there, she could see, was Sunizona and the store where Kaye and Matt were. She turned to the north, found where the gravel road passed in front of the property. Somewhere out there Bobbi was patrolling in her cruiser.

She dropped her gloves to the ground, took her breasts in her hands to fondle. She dropped one hand between her legs, felt the juices still leaking from her pussy, slipped a finger inside, then brought it up to her mouth. It would be an obscene gesture normally, but not now to her. Fully exposed to the world, it was a reinforcing gesture of what she felt, what she wanted to feel and

experience, what she was in her soul.

Jake was right. Bobbi was right. This is what she was. This female, this bitch ... this slut? ... this is what she was. Exposed to the world, she became exposed to herself fully and unequivocally. She was sexual. She was sensual. She was carnal. She was animal in a human body. This was who she was.

The sun indicated it was about mid-afternoon. There was still time for more fence inspection, but she had another idea. She wanted to thank Jake.

She used a combination of walking and riding to get down off the mountain, then back to the yard. She was in a gallop as she turned into the tract that led up the slope to the house and buildings. At that moment, Jake came out of the shed where the ATV's and tractor was stored. He stopped in his tracks and watched as she continued to gallop, then trot, and finally walk the horse up to the barn. Jake joined her inside, finding her with the horse tied to a post as she removed the saddle and other equipment. He stood in the doorway watching.

She knew he was behind her just watching. She was bent over to retrieve the bridle from the ground and wiggled her ass back and forth as she did.

"My, oh my ... not a finer sight that I can think of."

She smiled, but didn't turn around as she continued with taking care of the horse, but willing to play along. "What sight might that be, good sir?"

"Why ... a naked woman busy doing her work."

With the equipment in its place, she untied the horse and slipped the looped rope from around its head, slapped it on the flank and encouraged it out the back door of the barn and into the corral. She closed the lower half of the back doors and only then turned to face Jake. She smiled at him.

"Well, from the instructions you gave me this morning, you will be seeing a lot more of that sight." She was walking toward him. "With it being such a common sight, do you think it will become a little less 'fine' over time?"

She walked right into his arms. His hands roamed her bare back, shoulders, and butt. "I would have to be dead in my grave before that could happen." He felt her tense in his arms. "I'm sorry, Annie. The grave isn't a good thing to joke about it, is it?"

She looked up at him, searched his face, and gave him a smile. "It's okay, Jake. I guess I am still sensitive to the thought, but it is getting better. I don't think it is good to tippy-toe around things that might be a little uncomfortable. It's a common reference, it's going to come up, again." She pressed into him, "Besides ... when I feel this pressing into me, I know everything is good."

She smiled shyly and he smiled more boldly, pressing into her harder. Her hand moved between them, rubbing his hard cock under his pants. Her smile grew bolder, too. She moved to the buckle of his belt, the snap, and zipper of his pants. She kissed him hungrily on the lips, then slid down his body to her knees in front of him. Her hands coming to a stop at the top of his pants, her hands now pulling them down with his underwear over his hips and down his thighs. She was focused only on the hard cock in front of her, no longer concerned with his facial reaction, only the reaction she would create on his cock.

She licked from the base to the head, then kissed and licked her way back down to his balls. One hand went under his balls, lifting them, gently squeezing them as her other hand gripped his shaft

and slowly jerked him ... up and down. She sucked on his balls as her hand continued to jerk up and down. Then, she licked her way back up to the head, engulfing it into her mouth, sucking on the head, her tongue playing with the pee hole before she pushed down and took his cock to the back of her mouth, stopping short of entering her throat.

"Ohhh, Annie ... my god, you do that so well ..."

"I am please, my good and loving man. I wanted to thank you." She said this as she stood, kissed him, and maneuvered him to a loose hay pile. "Today was wonderful! I felt nervous and exposed being naked near the road with no clothes even to grab and throw on. But, it was exciting and thrilling. Later, on the mountain, I felt a different kind of exposed, a complete exposure to the world, and it was beyond thrilling. It was like an affirmation of what you want me to realize for myself and to be; and, my reaction was confirmation that it was what I desire to be." She looked up along his body from his hips, "When the dogs took me up on the ridge, it was like a declaration to the world. I climbed over the ridge and stood with my arms spread, exposed to the distance, to New Mexico for all I knew. 'This is Annie Linder'."

His hand stroked her hair. She took it and kissed the palm. "You've gone back to your maiden name in your mind."

"Yes."

"We should have done that with the divorce. Let's get the paperwork submitted this week. But now ..." He looked at his cock in her hand.

She smiled, "Yes, sir. My absolute pleasure!"

She nearly swallowed his entire cock. It surprised her. In her excitement and determination, she had pressed firmly and taken him into her throat. It was a first for her and it further excited her. She gagged and withdrew it quickly, but as she recovered her breath and relaxed her throat reflex, she looked at him and back to his cock. His face showed his reaction. There was a look of awe, of a wild sensation. She made yet another determination for herself ... she was going to master this ... for him. She would take his cum, not just in her mouth, but in her throat.

She didn't manage it at that time, but she continued to try, to relax her gag reflex more and more. That part worked, but she had more to learn and master. Even that brought a smile to her mind. Her face was on his abdomen, her hand still lightly stroking his spent cock, her lips kissing the head as it softened. In that quiet peace, she mused: As if she needed more reason to desire to suck this man's cock ... he save her life; he rescued her from the grave; he protected her and gave her a safe place to recover and find herself; without conditions, he made room in his private and guarded world; but, mostly and most importantly, he loved her. He thought of her and her needs. Yes, they intertwined, but he thought of her, worried about her, fought for her. She loved him more intensely than she had ever believed possible. She had no idea what would become of their strange relationship, but she was devoted to him and Bobbi. She knew, in her very being, that she would do anything for them. It wasn't a desire to hold them or convince them, it would be merely an expression of her commitment and love ... not desperate acts, but fulfillment from the soul.

She heard a vehicle crunching gravel outside and knew Bobbi was home. They heard her pull into the garage barn, then talking to one of the dogs. Without names, it was impossible to know which one. She saw a shadow extend by a new presence in the barn opening.

"There you two are. Looks like you two are having a good day ..."

Annie slid up Jake's body and kissed him on the lips. "Jake, I love you soooo much. It's almost scary ..."

He lightly stroked her cheek with a finger and kissed her lips in return. "I know you do. It's obvious from you. You wear it like a cloak that covers you, then opens to encompass me. I know I am not as expressive, but I hope you know my love is as complete and devoted."

"Oh, Jake ... it is the reason I can be so completely yours." She turned toward Bobbi who had walked to them. She looked directly into her eyes and with desire in her eyes, "And yours." She stood up and stepped to Bobbi. Her hands went to the woman's hips and slid up her sides, encasing her breasts under her uniform. She leaned in to give a kiss on the lips. Her eyes penetrated Bobbi's, "I was just thanking Jake. Now, it's your turn." Annie didn't hear Jake stand, but felt his hands on her back and rising to her shoulders, then his body pressing into her. She smiled, but it was Bobbi now that had her attention and desire. "I love you, as intensely as I do Jake." She put a hand behind her and touched Jake's hip, "I would ... WILL ... do anything for you both. Not as a desperate attempt to hold onto you, but simply as my open, freely expressed, and honest demonstration of my love."

Bobbi's eyes were only on Annie's. They felt Jake's presence, but at that moment, it was just the two of them. Bobbi's eyes were looking deeply into Annie's, "You know ..."

Annie quickly kissed her, tongues penetrating mouths. When Annie allowed a slight separation, "I know ..."

They both started on Bobbi's clothes, stripping her out of her fitted uniform. Jake retreated quietly from the barn. Outside, he looked up into the late afternoon sky. His thoughts were soft, 'This has to be you, Katie. You know you will always be in my heart, but thank you for sharing me with these two. Only someone from heaven could give me something so beautiful ...'

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

It was Bobbi's day off. She had joined Annie in riding the fence line, marking more of the fence that needed attention. She rode with Annie naked, but she insisted on bringing a cover up just in case. Jake had been proud of Annie. She climbed up onto her horse and Bobbi was aghast, "You're not taking anything to cover with if we encounter someone?"

"Bobbi, I didn't before and I was out most of the day by myself. Well ... except for the dogs." She giggled and blushed. "Besides, Jake presented me with this challenge ... anywhere on the property, as long as it is us."

That was hours ago. Now, they were rejoined at the house for a late lunch. Bobbi showed the vitality of spending the day naked on horseback, the focus on work, navigating the horses through safe footing up and down slopes and ravines. Again, they had been joined by two of the dogs. The third had been off with Jake at the time the women left. In fact, it was the same dog that got left behind the last time. Jake wondered how long it might take that one to catch on that he should hang around the women more than him. Maybe he wasn't the brightest of the three ...

They were relaxing with iced tea that had been brewed by the heat of the sun. Jake leaned onto the table with his elbows. The women had picked up that when he did that, he had something he wanted to deliberately express. They watched him, expectantly waiting for whatever it might be.

"Remember a couple days ago, Annie, when I said you should remain naked? Remember that I was

teasing you about the next challenge that might be given you?"

"I remember very well. I haven't gotten it out of my head."

He looked intently at her, "What was my tease?"

Annie looked him, down at the table, then glanced at Bobbi. "The goat. You said something about leading me to the pen to fuck the goat."

Jake looked at Bobbi, just to see if she might object, but she didn't. She got very interested in the direction of the conversation. "That's right. The goat. Another male on the ranch." He watched her reaction, which was neutral. He thought that was good, she could be wildly opposed or drawing limits about what she might be willing to fuck, but it didn't appear to be excluding the goat. So he pressed on, "I think it's time to at least check off the goat, even if it doesn't become a regular fuck partner."

Bobbi and Jake watch her. She was calm, but she was thinking. Then he saw the signs and he knew they had her, again. Her nipples were firming and her skin was showing the color of her blood rushing through her body. She nodded, glancing at both of them with a small smile that steady grew as the idea took hold of her.

She was blushing now as she formulated her next comment, "Any idea at all what that would be like? What kind of cock they have? How they do it?"

Bobbi laughed, "Honey, that's what you are for, to determine all of that and let us know."

She was still thinking about it, though. "Hmmm ... if we had internet service up here, I could look it all up."

Jake reached across the table and patted her arm as he stood, "But we don't, dear. And, shoot ... there's nothing like first-hand experience, right?"

He put his hand out to her. She looked at it and then at him. "Now? You mean right now? Just, go out there and get some experience?"

He nodded with that same devilish grin that she was recognizing when these ideas came to him. She shrugged and took his hand. She turned to Bobbi and put out her hand. Bobbi took it and the three walked out the back door and turned for the barn.

Annie stopped halfway to the barn. "Wait a minute. Isn't this crazy? I mean ... a goat, being fucked by a goat?"

Bobbi, "Annie, you know you can just say 'no'. But, what's the difference about the dogs?"

Annie gave her an exasperated look, "We researched that!"

"Okay ... what about the pony? You fucked it, too."

"I ... I ... Jake just set it up for me to be on the hay bale, told me to use my feet ... that I could probably control the penetration ... Okay ... not so much different than the pony ..." She flapped her arms like a gesture of giving up and continued on through the barn, out the back door, and stood at the fence to the pen containing the goat. It was the only one they had. A single male goat ... male goat ... a thought hit her, something Jake said. "What a minute ..." she turned to Jake, "you said the

goat was 'another male on the ranch'. There are other males on the ranch, too. The hogs, the bull, the horses ..."

Jake turned her around to face the goat pen, again. He led her up to the fence and patted her bare ass. "One thing at a time, dear."

She turned her head to him with a look of some concern. Then her shoulders sagged and she returned her attention to the goat. "Oh god ... what have I gotten myself into ..."

Bobbi winked at Jake and leaned in close to Annie, "You can always say 'no' or 'Bie'."

She straightened her back and shook her head, "NO. No, I won't. I can do this. Besides, it doesn't have a knot on its cock, does it? And it can't be as big as a dog, certainly not as big as the pony." She looked at Bobbi, this time for guidance. "Any ideas about how to actually do this would be appreciated, though."

Bobbi smiled, "I'd say on your hands and knees like with the dogs. Let him get on you and see what happens." She finished by shrugging.

Annie rolled her eyes, "Gee, thanks, I don't think I would have come up with that ..." She bent over and put a leg, then her body, through the rails of the pen fence. The goat had always been a bit skittish. She wasn't even confident in its attitude that it would approach her, much less let her touch his sheath, or to jump onto her back to fuck her. She knew, though, that all she could do was try ... honestly try. They weren't going to fault her if it didn't work out. And, she was right. She could tell immediately as she approached it. It simply moved away from her. Whatever direction she went in an attempt to get close to him, he went a different direction.

She went back to the fence where Jake and Bobbi were standing. "We really shouldn't be too surprised. He's the only one of his kind here. We give him food, but otherwise we and all the other animals just ignore him."

Over the next several days, Annie made a concerted effort at getting the goat's confidence. She spent time with him in between feedings, she worked at getting to the point of being able to brush him. By the end of that effort, he would even approach her when she came. She announced to the others that she thought it was time. And, it was. This time when she went into the pen, the goat came to her, allowing more contact. Bobbi and Jake watched as Annie, naked, went to her knees and slid her hand underneath the animal. She stroked him down his stomach to his sheath. He anxiously moved at the initial touch, but settled comfortably as she gave him familiar, soothing sounds that he had come to associate with her. Then, they saw that he was humping into her hand as she held his extending cock.

She turned and smiled at her partners, then went to her hands and knees, her ass pointed at the goat. He came to her; the first time she had done this to him. The scent coming from her bottom was somewhat familiar, even if the body it was coming from wasn't. He knew what it was and he put his nose to Annie's pussy and ass. This time it was Annie who anxiously reacted to the wet touch. Of the animals she had experienced at the ranch, this one was giving her a different psychological reaction. She had never reacted to the goat the same what she had to a dog, pony, or horse. The goat was more animal than a social animal. It was a weird thought, but it hit her that way. But, in the same way, it was having a dramatic physically erotic reaction, too. This sex was going to be even more animalistic.

When the animal jumped up and pulled his rear into her ass, she held her breath in anticipation of finally feeling the cock against her. She had felt it in her hand and saw it as she moved into position.

This cock was entirely different from the others. There was not like the dogs, or a weird mushroom head like the horse, or even the shape like a man. This was long enough, like a man, but it was different. It tapered from the base to the tip, ending in a tip, a hard pointed tip. When it penetrated her, she had an odd sensation as it sliced deeply into her and gradually filling more of her pussy as it went deeper.

She came, but mildly. The eroticism of this fuck was different for her. It was strangely interesting and decidedly more animalistic in her mind. Her orgasm was as much mental, reflecting on what she was doing in combination with the physical stimulation than the pure physical feelings his cock gave her. As she would tell the others later, it was okay, even good, but not her favorite. She would take the other animals every time over the goat, but it was an erotic feeling that she may try occasionally, again.

The three of them were enjoying another evening on the front porch. It was early fall and the temperatures were becoming consistently more mild, the earth feeling less parch, the environment in general felt less stifling. It was a world they were all used to, but the change into fall and winter brought its own relief when living on the desert, even up in the mountains. It had already been another interesting evening, as so many days and evenings had become over the months since Annie had been challenged by Jake and Bobbi to allow her 'inner slut' to come out. They had frequently laughed about that term. There was no hint of sensitivity from Annie any longer. There had never been any real concern from her, but she had bristled some at the term, not from how her two lovers meant it, but just from the term. 'Slut' held such a connotation in society and it was difficult to separate from it. But, she ultimately had. She had taken on the term the way Jake had intended it. It was a term only used amongst them making it that much easier to take on as a badge of her identity.

Annie and Bobbi had, again, enjoyed the horses that evening. Each taking a horse by themselves; each taking their own 'horse cum bath' in the process. Bobbi and Jake also watched as Annie spent time with the two boars in the hog pen. She was in the process of doing the same thing with them that she had successfully managed with the goat, which was to gain their comfort with her until they were ready to hopefully engage in some sexual activity with her. Bobbi was going to pass on the boars just like she had passed on the goat. Bobbi's interest in bestiality had been defined as animals she enjoyed contact with; she enjoyed the dogs, the pony, and the horses. That was enough for her. The horses were limited to cock play and not fucking. They all knew, however, that Annie had other ideas about the horses. The boars were next on her agenda, but the horses wouldn't be far behind after that. The bulls were a concern to all of them. The feeling was that they were far too unpredictable, but ... with Annie, who knew what might eventually happen.

The women had cleaned up from the day and their bath under the horses. They were still naked with Jake on the porch who was in boxers. He knew the women would have him out of those eventually, but they had all come to the comfortable conclusion that they each had different comfort levels with nudity and nobody was forced or compelled to be naked more than their comfort. It meant that Annie was basically naked while Bobbi was clothed more than naked and Jake was only occasionally naked. All of that was excluding the night times when their games had them all naked and the games could happen nearly anywhere in the house, barn, or surrounding yard space.

This night was like that. The comfort among them allowed quiet times of sitting, sipping drinks, and gentle touching as they sat or reclined on the top step of the porch. They never tired of the nightly show the world and heavens provided to them. The sounds of the night from the lands around them, the sights of the heavens filled with millions of stars. It became common for someone to point up into the heavens at another shooting star. And ... silent wishes would be made. Nobody shared what their

wishes were ... that would jinx it ... a leftover from childhood. But, Annie did want to share something.

"We have an amazing life, don't we?" The others nodded in agreement, giving verbal confirmation with sounds more than words. They both partially turned to consider her, wondering where the comment might lead. They found her studying the dark images overlaying each other on the ground at the foot of the steps. She was deep in thought. They waited. Although the challenge they had presented to Annie months before was intended to push her and allow her to accept things and events she might not otherwise consider, that stage didn't really last long. Once she accepted the challenge and allowed herself to be open to their direction, ideas, and options, she began developing more and more of the same for herself. What was intended to be a mechanism to open her to new and increasingly erotic opportunities, instead became a mechanism for her to open herself, to challenge herself to grow in confidence and determination in herself, to grow into a more deliberate, assertive, and confident woman. Before their eyes they saw her grow and evolve. "I've been thinking a lot about something. Something that I think is important for us to consider."

Bobbi slid over against her and put her arm carefully and reassuringly around the naked shoulders of Annie. "That sounds ominous. Is something wrong? You seem nervous about something."

Annie turned sharply and gave her a smile. "NO! No ... nothing like that. It's good in fact." They looked at each other with smiles that grew. Neither having a clue what she might be leading up to. "I've been thinking about you two."

"About us? What about us?"

"I'm going to just blurt it out, okay?" They nodded but were paying closer attention. "I think you guys need to consider getting married."

The look of shock was quick and absolute on their faces. "Where is that coming from?"

"Everybody sees it, you guys. Bobbi, your mom just smiles when you two are together. Even Kaye has commented accidentally about what a nice couple you make." She chuckled, "Then Matt elbowed her because I was standing right there."

Jake reached across Bobbi and took Annie's hand, "You know we are a group, Annie. It'll always be the three of us."

Annie squeezed his hand and bumped shoulders with Bobbi. "Thanks, Jake. I know what we intend and I know what we'll do for each other. But, I also know what I feel." She got up and pushed her way between them, forcing Bobbi to slide over on the step, essentially trading places. She took both of their hands in hers, then put them over each other and hers on top and bottom of theirs. "You two need each other; you deserve to be united with each other. I know you love me. I know you will include me. But, you two are people who should be married." She kissed the two joined hands. "Bobbi deserves a man like you, Jake. And, Jake, you deserve a woman like Bobbi."

Bobbi turned her face to her, "Why are you doing this, honey? Is something going to happen?"

Annie smiled, "No. I just see it. You don't make me feel awkward or a third wheel. You never would. To me it would be no difference. And I would love to be your maid of honor."

Jake pulled her into his side, kissing her forehead. "You, my dear, continue to amaze me. We're not talking about it anymore tonight. I, and I am sure Bobbi, respect your feelings about it. It is beyond comprehension how much you have grown in strength and confidence. You are truly an amazing

woman.”

With that, he offered a hand to each of the woman and led them to their bed. It was more than an hour later before any of them even thought of sleeping, though.

Only days later, Annie had the hogs solved. Once she put her mind to a problem, she was a bulldog until finding a solution. This was a new trait that even she wasn't aware she had possessed. She used it effectively with the animals. The goat was the first true application, but the hogs were something much more. She soon discovered how different the penis of a boar was from anything she had encountered sexually or in research. But, once she took on the playful mantle of 'ranch slut', she seemed transfixed by the idea of mating with all the males on the ranch. She expressed concern with the bulls, but otherwise ...

Jake and Bobbi followed Annie right to the hog pen. Bobbi thought she could be helpful at least, if she wasn't going to participate any further. “Do you want to get him cleaned up and use the barn or really experience him by doing him in the pen?”

Annie looked over at them as if it was only then that it was sinking into her. “Oh, god. This all sounds so nasty, but I want to do it in the pen.”

“Okay, let's move the others out and into the pen with the goat.” They went through the gate by the barn. “Annie, you go over to the other gate and open it for the others. If this one tries to follow, just step in his way. That will be enough for him to change directions.” Once that was done, they surveyed the situation. Annie had already slipped in a muddy section trying to get the hogs out. She had mud along her left leg. This was feeling nastier and nastier and she hadn't really done anything with the animal, yet.

Bobbi, having grown up around some hogs on their place, started an introduction to sex with boars, “Okay, there are some things to understand about this. Maybe I should have covered this with you before, but you might be more willing to go through with it now that you're here and muddy. A boar is definitely not a gentle lover. Even though he holds most of his weight on his hind legs, you may still be sore from carrying the rest of his weight on your back during the mounting and mating. Once he gets going you might think his cock is attached to a mix blender because of how quickly it goes in and out and all around inside you. He will try to enter your cervix; it's just what they do with that long, thin cock. He's very inaccurate and there is a lot of poking around. As soon as he feels the warmth of your pussy, he doesn't waste any time ... he just thrusts it all in. There will be deep penetration and the sense is that the twitching/twirling effect is a really strange, but erotic, feeling. The tip is very slender and made to slide into the cervix. Once he finds it and is able to penetrate, the tip will fix itself and he'll slow his fucking down. He'll then begin to cum a lot. Initially, it is clear and thin but a thicker and milky semen comes next and there is a lot of it. Then a thick, jelly like substance is pumped into you. Now, this is all happening inside your womb, if he makes it there. I would think you will feel full, but it shouldn't be too uncomfortable. The thick cum can stay in you for up to a day. So be ready for it to slowly leak out later without warning. Not doing anything special this weekend are you? Probably should have really gone over this before. Are you still game?”

“You're right, if we weren't here with me already partially covered with mud, I probably would have backed out of this. This is just so nasty. But feel me.”

Bobbi reached out and put her hand to her friend's pussy and pushed a finger past the lips and inside. "Lordy, Annie, you are absolutely soaking. That came from just the explanation? Oh, girl, just wait."

Bobbi took Annie's hand and led her to a dry area and took a blanket to put on the ground. Annie said, "Don't bother with the blanket. Look at me. I may as well get good and nasty."

Annie watched as Bobbi maneuvered the boar toward her. She got down on her hands and knees and lowered herself until her chest was on the ground, too. This seemed like it would help to relieve some of the stress on her lower back once the pig mounted her. Bobbi asked if she was ready and helped the pig to get up onto Annie's back and moved him forward over her. Then Annie felt a strange movement at her butt and realized that Bobbi wasn't exaggerating in her description of the boar's cock. It was wildly thrusting and was extremely inaccurate. Bobbi assisted and managed to get the tip into Annie's pussy. Once in, he thrust violently and achieved a deep penetration. And, again, Bobbi was right, this was weird. The long, thin cock actually seemed to twirl.

"Oh, Bobbi, this is so wild! It feels like you put an egg beater inside me. That thing is whirling around, hitting the sides of my pussy. This is so wild. OOOOOHHHHH, BOOOBBBBiiiiiiiiiii!!!! He's hitting my cervix!"

This went on for a while and Annie quickly reached her first orgasm, although mild. Then she felt it.

"Bobbi ... Bobbi ... Bobbi. Oh my god! Heeeeeee's ggggooooooooinnggggg inside my cervix!!!! OOOHHH my gooooodddddd. Oh, he's inside me. Bobbi, this is so nasty. My chest is in the dirt, one side of me is covered in mud, and I have a pig in my pussy. No, in my womb. OOOOOHHHHH. Bobbi, he's cummmminngggg. So, am Iiiiiiiiiiii! Yes, OOOOOHHHHH GGGOOOODDDDD. YEESSSSSSSS."

Bobbi watched, stroking her friend's hip and thigh and telling her how wonderfully she was doing and that after the initial cumming, the jelly would follow and to expect the feeling of fullness since he was inside her womb.

"Yes, I feel it. Yes, I do, I feel the difference. Yes, I know what you mean about the fullness. Wow!"

When the pig pulled out of her cervix, it felt so weird. When the boar pulled completely out of her and got off, Annie just collapsed onto her front into the dirt of the pen. She just lay there leaking some of the cum the boar had left inside of her. She rolled over onto her back and looked up at Bobbi and Jake and smiled. "That was wild. Don't know that I want to do it, again. But it was wild. Are you going to do it, too?"

"No. I think not. I think assisting you is about as far as I want to take it."

"Open up the house and I'll just take a quick shower."

"Are you kidding? You're not walking through the house like that. We'll just use the hose on you." Jake roared at that.

"Use the hose outside? Like some animal?"

"I wasn't the one fucking a pig, missy."

"Yeah, now you say that! Okay, let's get it over with; I think I need something to drink. Something strong."

Annie stood in the middle of the pen while Bobbi sprayed her down, then pulled the hose back out and sprayed off Annie's feet after she got to the grass. Bobbi threw her a towel and then, with Jake following behind still snickering, they made their way to the house.

As they drank their beer on the front porch, Jake inquired how the experience was for her.

"It wasn't that unpleasant, really. But I can't get it out of my head that it was a pig/hog. But, I guess, I played the part well myself, too. Slipping in the pen and getting mud over one side, then being fucked by him with my chest and arms on the ground, which seemed like the best way to take weight off my back. But, then the side of my face was on the ground. When he was finished, so was I and you saw me just collapsed onto the ground."

Bobbi laughed, "You were a mess! Thank goodness for the hose back there to clean you up some. I have to say, you were certainly acting the part of fucking a pig!"

"Very funny. Whose idea was this, anyway?"

Jake and Bobbi were both quiet.

A couple months went by with life going on in the same way. Annie didn't let up on her wish for Jake and Bobbi to marry, but also wouldn't push the issue. It was something they needed to want for themselves and to be comfortable that the timing was right for their larger relationship. Annie's expression for them, however, brought them even closer with a remarkable understanding and acceptance that whatever might happen in the future would be good. There also came a sense that Annie's growth and development could be leading her to something different, something outside of the threesome.

Jake brought that up to discussion, just as Annie had brought up the potential of marriage for the two of them. He saw the change in Annie. Bobbi saw the change in Annie. Annie wasn't so sure. Like Annie, they didn't push the discussion further. The feeling between Jake and Bobbi was that Annie certainly wasn't bored with them and definitely not unchallenged. But, despite the love and caring they still showed for her, she was quickly developing her own new being that was strong and secure in her own right. They conceded to themselves, wishful thinking perhaps, that it would take a truly remarkable opportunity for Annie to leave the ranch, though.

On the year anniversary of them being together, Jake suggested to Bobbi and Annie that they take a well-earned vacation. It was an idea that seemed to be needed, and they jumped on the idea with no reservation. He confessed that he had an ulterior motive to the idea. Annie had wanted to move beyond all the other animals and mate with one of the horses, too. The problem was a very real one. It was believed by one and all that it could be seriously dangerous. The bull was in the same class but for reasons of danger that could be immediately life-threatening. Bulls could be just plain mean and too unpredictable. The horses, however, presented a separate challenge that was also a danger. The pony was a start and she had learned that she could control the depth of penetration, but the horse was a size of length and circumference significantly larger. She wanted to achieve this challenge, but agreed with Jake and Bobbi that assistance and guidance was required. That was something not to be tried on their own.

Jake had found a resort in the Caribbean that was very unique. It was a small island off Trinidad and Tobago, about an hour and a half boat ride away. The island was privately own; the resort was clothing optional and adult only; and, the resort didn't only allow (encourage?) sexual activity, but also maintained animals for bestiality sexual experiences for those guests interested in exploring

that direction. Jake felt it might be a good opportunity for Annie, especially, to find the guidance she was seeking from people who knew what to expect. That was the idea, anyway.

Ideas and realities are sometimes very different things, however. The resort and its idea were a startup. The management had unrealistic expectations of what would be involved in offering such a facility. The staff was inexperienced with animals and the accommodations and services were spartan. The island itself was beautiful with lovely beaches off clear and inviting water to play in. The fact that Jake, Bobbi, and Annie lived a minimalist lifestyle already made the experience less of a disappointment than most of the other guests at the resort of ten cottages along one side of a large cove. Luckily for the resort, Bobbi and Annie were experienced with dogs and provided some assistance. Annie, however, was the catalyst for turning a completely negative experience into something positive for many of the guests as her obvious enthusiasm and excitement around the animals moved others to seek out her guidance and support. Needless to say, the resort got resoundingly negative reviews from all the guests, except for them. They found the resort charming but lacking in professionalism. Annie especially gave a scathing review of multiple pages outlining the faults and shortcomings of the resort, detailing areas of concerns for the safety of the animals and guests. They were convinced, upon their return to the ranch, that that experience was behind them.

One never knows where a “truly remarkable opportunity” might come from, however.

Just under two weeks after their return, they found an email in Jake’s account. It was dated a couple days earlier, but they only check email a couple times a week. The email was from Sylvia Contreras and the first impulse was that it was spam, but the subject line was “I would appreciate your help”. Sylvia Contreras turned out to be the owner of not only the resort, but the island the resort was on. She conveyed her understanding of the failure of the week spent at the resort, which turned out to have been the first group bookings into the new resort. After debriefing the management team and numerous employees, Annie, Bobbi, and Jake’s names were mentioned positively by quite a few. She was beseeching them for a phone discussion at their convenience for her benefit of determining what should happen with the resort. She had closed it down pending her decision.

After a 30 minute phone conversation, which was dominated by Annie as she spoke forcefully about protection for the animals and training for the animals and staff if contact was going to be encouraged with strangers and guests. Annie was brutal in her emotional input to the woman. The woman insisted that money wasn’t an issue, she would spend it to correct mistakes made before. Annie wasn’t one to be swayed by the power of money and assured the woman that she was mistaken if she felt spending money was going to take care of the problems the resort suffered from. In Annie’s words, “She needed people with passion for both the animals and guests. Nothing short of that would change anything.”

A month later and they were back into their life on the ranch. Annie was still very active with the dogs and pony, sometimes with the goat and hogs, but still too nervous about the bulls and horses (except for jerking the horses off). Then, another communication came from Sylvia Contreras. She was coming to Tucson and requested a meeting at her hotel. On the appointed day, the three of them went to the hotel to meet with her, curious what could be the reason for further discussion. But, further discussion was had ... throughout the late morning and afternoon. Afterward, she spent an hour on the phone privately, then requested a dinner with them at the restaurant in the hotel.

Once settled at a table in the corner, Sylvia began, “This might sound crazy to you”, she looked directly at Annie, “but, I want to hire you to help me at the resort. I want to start it over with new management, new approach to guests, new approach to everything. I think you can help me.”

Annie looked at her as though she felt she was certifiably crazy. "You don't even know me. You've only got what some employees said and some ideas I gave you."

"Annie, I can tell about people."

Jake was trying to stay away from it because it was for Annie, but he couldn't resist. "Begging your pardon, ma'am, but the last management team would indicate otherwise."

Sylvia looked at him, then nodded. "I understand. Let me explain. My husband died in the last year. Do you understand about South American men and their wives? He loved me completely, I never doubted it. But, business was his and I ... well, I was supposed to enjoy his wealth. I am 56 years old and I never accomplished anything on my own. I have all this money ... the number seems unbelievable to me but it is real. I never worried about those things, I just did what he wanted ... I enjoyed it. I have had my own fantasies and desires that have gone unfulfilled, unresolved. I loved my husband as much as he loved me. I didn't want to risk offending him, so I kept those to myself. But now, well, I thought that if I could start a resort like this, maybe I could pursue some of my own fantasies and enjoy some of those pleasures myself. I thought it would be a simple matter. I bought the island resort when it went bankrupt, used some business managers from my husband's businesses, and poured money into the venture as they directed. I was wrong. That's why this time it will be different. I am going in hands-on with my own hand-picked teamed of managers."

Annie still shook her head, "But, I don't know anything about managing a business or a hotel or resort business."

The older woman smiled at her, "You don't have to. I am in the process of hiring a wonderful chef, an experienced hospitality manager, and maintenance manager, all of it. I am in the process of increasing the number of cottages around the cove, building a new barn, pens, and corral for the animals. The administrative, restaurant, night club building is being renovated. What I need from you ... well ... let's say you have some special passion that the venture needs."

Bobbi snickered and Sylvia glanced up at her with a smile. Annie looked up, "Exactly what have you in mind for me to do? I am very content here the way we are living."

"I can see that. I will try to entice you with money, benefits, and perks ... plenty of it ... even though I sense they aren't the most important drivers for you. I have a position title in mind, but we can talk about the details. I was thinking about Director of Guest Experiences."

"Guest Experiences? This is the same resort concept?"

"Annie, let me spell this out clearly. The resort is being reconfigured and repurposed. I want this to be a place where people can experience their erotic fantasies with our assistance. Not just bestiality, but for couples who want threesomes by adding another woman or man, group experiences, whatever they might fantasize about within the limits of our moral compass. But, bestiality must be safe, as you've stressed ... for the animals and guests. The animals can't be nervous and untrained. In fact, all of it has to be safe, respectful, and consensual. You would be in charge of assuring that our guests' fantasies can be realized. That would be fantasies of bestiality or otherwise. It would be your moral compass dictating what kinds of fantasies we indulge. The new resort will be called, Erotico Fantasia la Isla. In English that would be Erotic Fantasy Island."

THE END